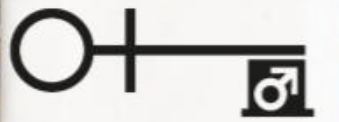


PENTHOUSE

JULY 2021



with
SKYWONDERLAND
+
CHERIE NOEL



THE BADASS ISSUE

DANNY TREJO
HOW
HOLLYWOOD'S
RESIDENT
TOUGH GUY
WENT FROM
ZERO TO HERO

**FIGHTING
WORDS**
UNPACKING THE
WAR & PEACE
OF TIM O'BRIEN

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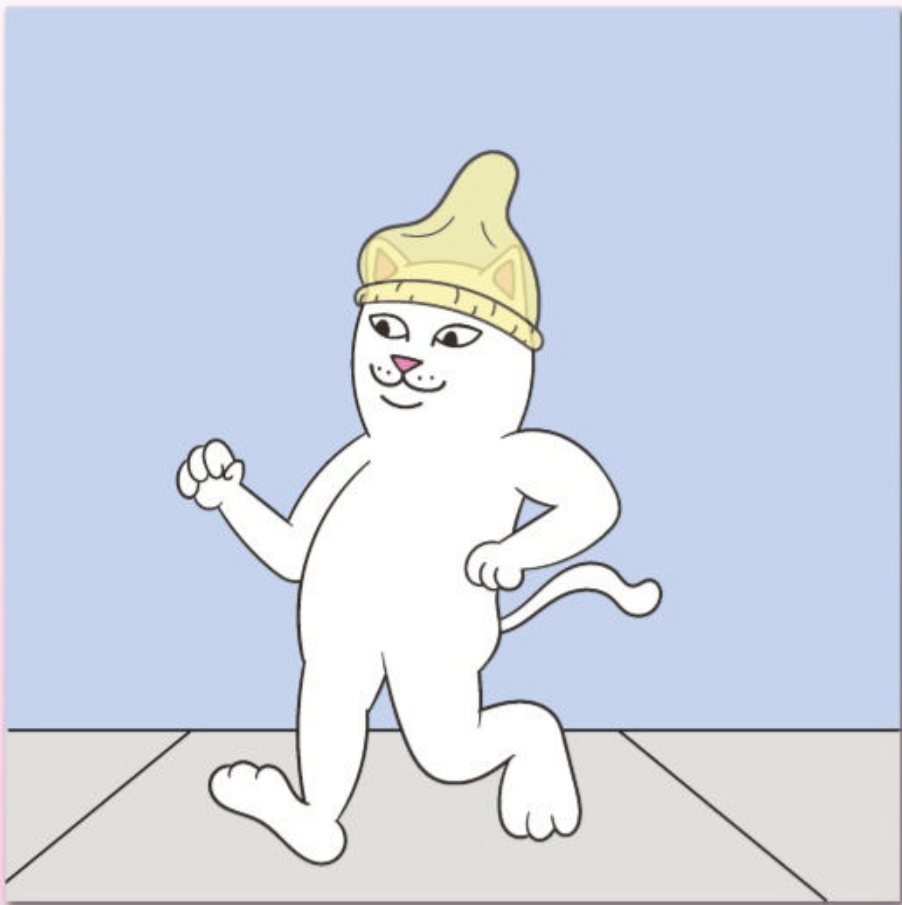


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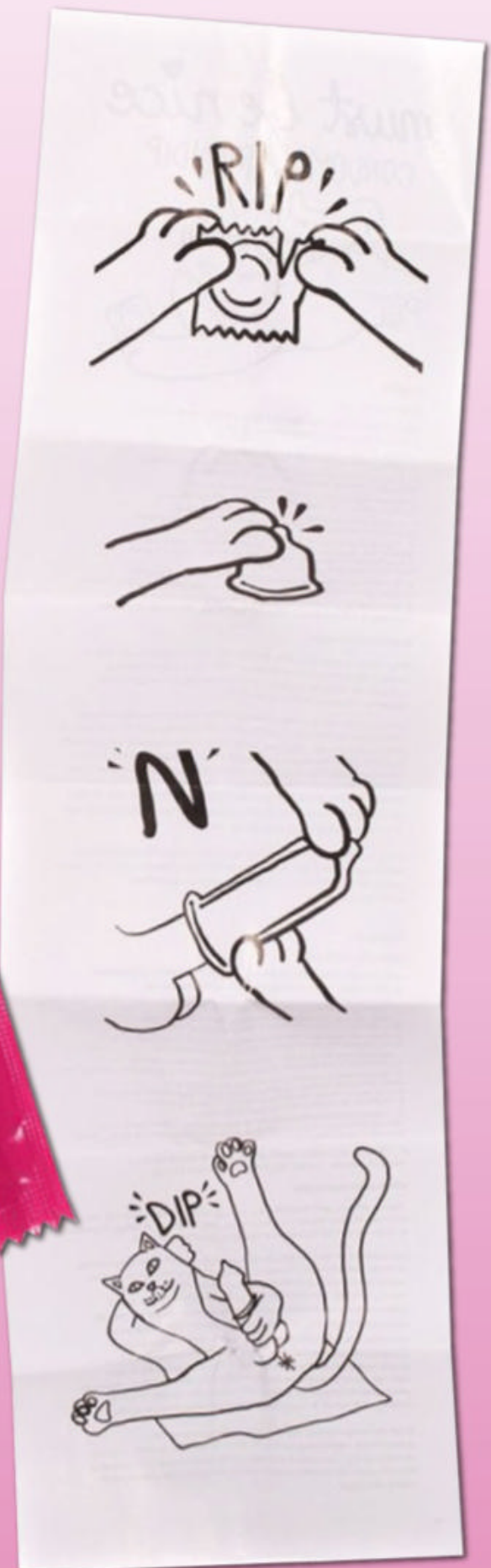
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PENTHOUSE GLOBAL MEDIA INC.

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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FROM THE EDITOR

SOME interviews are real standouts—the celebrity is first-class, their story is fascinating, and their delivery is nothing short of outstanding. Our chat with actor Danny Trejo hits the mark on all three counts.

As he prepares to launch his new memoir, *Trejo*, the *Machete* star has clearly been looking back through his life's experiences, mulling over all the years, twists and turns. When we caught up with him, he was happy to talk very honestly and openly about all he's been through.

There are no dull chapters. This is no regular interview. He is an inspiration.

Remember, this is a guy who went to his first Alcoholics Anonymous meeting at just 15 years old, and he's now been successfully sober for more than 50 years—and on top of that, he's built a career as one of the hardest working and most respected men in Hollywood.

His story is one of triumph, strength, courage, sobriety and the importance of helping others.

We know you're going to love it—turn to page 34 to read his fascinating interview.

And that's not all, folks!

We have jaw-dropping shoots with this issue's gorgeous Penthouse Pets, Sky Wonderland and Cherie Noel, starting on page 96.

We also caught up with illustrator Hey Weeirdo; to find out what makes her tick, turn to page 86.

Plus, Matt Gallagher examines the documentary *The War and Peace of Tim O'Brien* in Embrace the Suck on page 74, and all your seasonal style needs are addressed in our High Life section, which starts on page 54.

Enjoy the magazine!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM



PENTHOUSE

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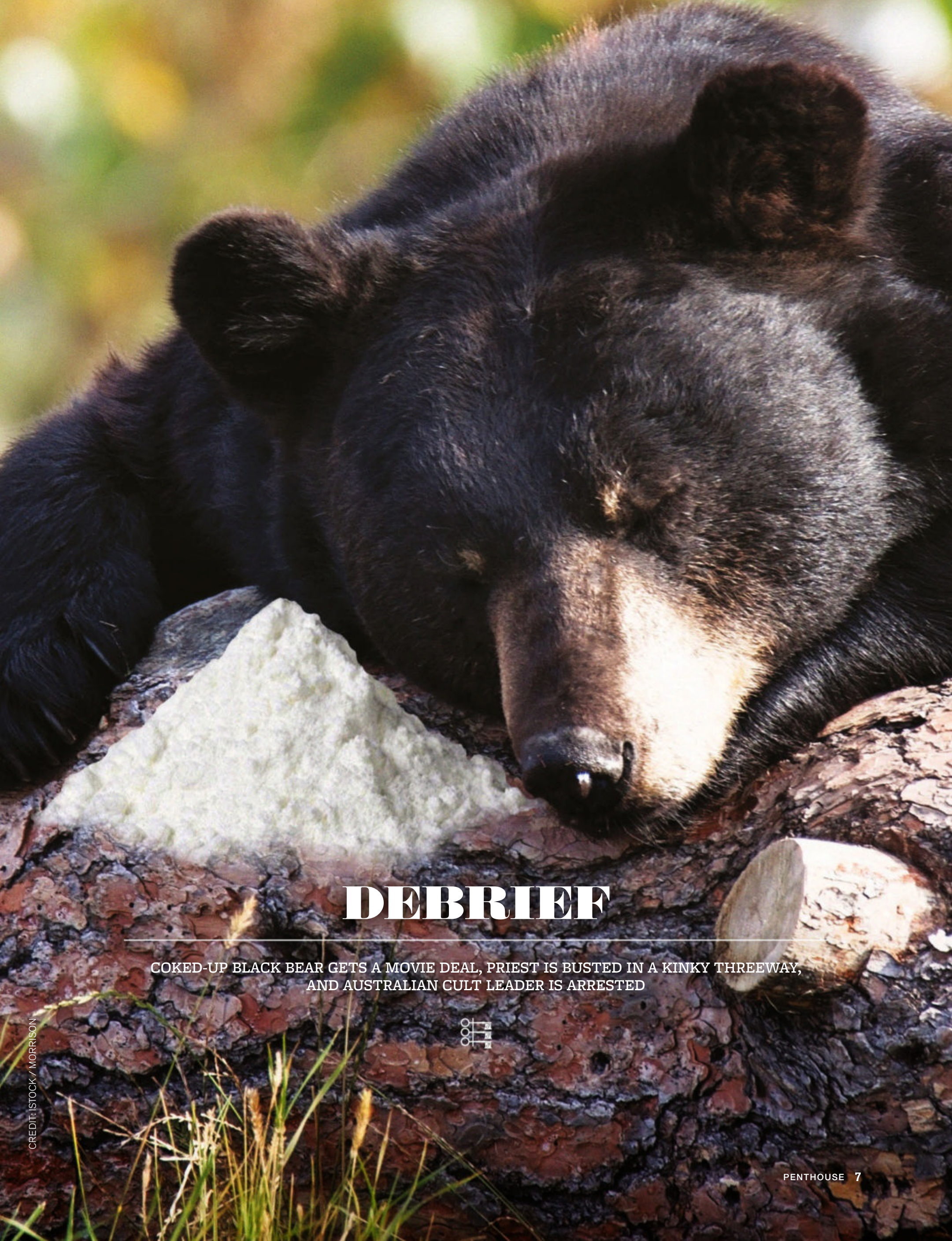
Sky Wonderland and Cherie Noel

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

WHAT ARE
YOUR PLANS
TONIGHT?

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DEBRIEF

COKED-UP BLACK BEAR GETS A MOVIE DEAL, PRIEST IS BUSTED IN A KINKY THREEWAY,
AND AUSTRALIAN CULT LEADER IS ARRESTED





WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

URSINE LEGEND PABLO ESKOBEAR GETS A FILM DEAL

PABLO EskoBear, the 175-pound black bear that tore into a duffel bag and ate a pound of cocaine after a 1985 drug drop went wrong, is finally getting his own movie. Tentatively titled *Cocaine Bear*, the upcoming flick is slated to be directed by *Hunger Games* star Elizabeth Banks.

After overindulging in the bonanza of blow, the unfortunate bear—whose nickname is a riff on famed

Colombian drug lord Pablo Escobar—suffered a fatal overdose and was found dead in the middle of the Chattahoochee National Forest in Georgia.

But in a stranger twist, the coked-up critter was linked to the death of a notorious drug smuggler!

Three months before the discovery of Pablo's remains, ex-narcotics cop and lawyer Andrew Thornton II—who was packing two pistols and

thousands in cash—attempted to drop \$15 million worth of cocaine before jumping from a plane. But his parachute failed to properly deploy, the plane crashed and the 40-year-old—who was wearing night vision goggles, a bulletproof vest and Gucci loafers—plummeted to his death in Tennessee.

Most the cocaine went missing—but an ungodly amount was found inside

the body of poor Pablo.

“Its stomach was literally packed to the brim with cocaine,” said the medical examiner who examined the bear’s remains.

“There isn’t a mammal on the planet that could survive that. Cerebral hemorrhaging, respiratory failure, hyperthermia, renal failure, heart failure, stroke. You name it, that bear had it.”

You can’t help but admire the tenacity of the poor fellow.



A WOMAN in Canada was fined for breaking coronavirus curfew after walking her husband on a leash and telling police he was her dog.

Residents of Quebec were ordered to stay indoors between 8 p.m. and 5 a.m. in an attempt to halt the spread of the deadly coronavirus—with dog walkers

being an exception to the rule.

When approached by police, the woman claimed her husband was a pooch and that they were acting within the legal rules for pets.

But the officers didn't buy it, and the couple were hit with a curfew violation and fined more than \$1,200.



Only the Tip of It

AN Australian Liberal Party staff member was sacked after a video surfaced of him getting his jollies on the desk of a female MP at Parliament House.

A Canberra whistleblower told the media the incident was only the tip of the masturbatory iceberg, and that there was a secret network of political staffers who exchange lewd images and videos over a Facebook Messenger group of themselves performing sexual acts at work.

The leaker said there had been so many images and videos sent to the group that he had become immune to it. He said that some of the content shared to the group was “so bad” and “shocking” that it couldn't be shown.

The whistleblower said the prayer or meditation room on the upper level of Parliament House had also been used by Coalition MPs for sex.

“I can probably say there is very little meditation or prayer going on in that room,” spilled the tattletale.

The mystery jerker has managed to avoid his name going public, but government sources confirmed he was fired.

Police Arrest Group Over Nude Balcony Shoot



POLICE in Dubai cuffed dozens of women after a video circulated online showing the bevy of beauties posing naked on a balcony.

The arrests came after the video went viral on social media, showing more than 20 women in the buff in public, an act which is punishable with imprisonment and a fine in the United Arab Emirates.

The video was reportedly shot for an Israeli porn site, and Russian IT company boss Alexey Kontsov, 33, who allegedly uploaded the clip, was also arrested.

At least 11 Ukrainian women and one Russian were among those initially detained, according to Russian media.

“Such unacceptable behaviors do not reflect the values and ethics of Emirati society,” police said in a statement.

A charge of public debauchery carries a sentence of up to six months in prison and a fine of 5,000 dirham, which tops \$1,300. But Kontsov, and all of the cheeky models, were released from custody and deported.



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Priest and Dominatrices Charged After Kinky Church Threeway

A Catholic priest and two dominatrices have been charged with institutional vandalism after filming a kinky threesome on a church altar in Louisiana.

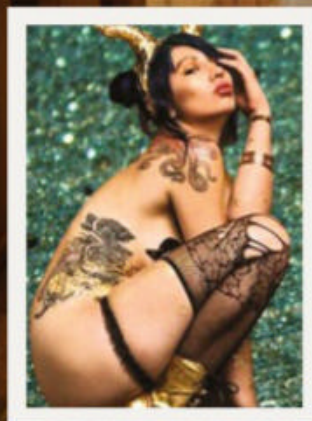
The trio was initially also slapped with obscenity charges following the unholy romp at Saints Peter and Paul Catholic Church in Pearl River in September 2020. But prosecutors have decided to move forward with the lesser charge. The priest, who was ordained in 2013, was suspended from his job with the archdiocese.

Court documents reported the dominatrices were also filming the action, with police claiming they'd confiscating sex toys, stage lights and recording devices from the scene.

One of the women reportedly posted on social media on the day of the incident that she was on her way to "defile a house of God."

An attorney for the domme duo called the charges "baseless," and said, "This [is] nothing more than a thinly veiled attempt to regulate the morality of private individuals."

New Orleans Archbishop Gregory Aymond ordered the altar burned following the "demonic" activity, and a new one was later consecrated.



BASKET BALLS DEEP

NBA Hall of Famer Paul Pierce was offered \$250,000 from an adult entertainment company after being fired from ESPN after sharing an Instagram Live video of himself playing poker, smoking what appeared to be blunts and drinking with a group of scantily clad women.

Within days of the clip being posted, ESPN axed the 43-year-old Boston Celtics legend, leaving him

without a broadcasting gig. However, adult webcam site CamSoda swooped in and offered Pierce six figures to host an NBA show with strippers.

"Being that you're now unemployed, I would like to extend you a position at CamSoda as our first-ever 'NBA Analyst.' As our NBA Analyst, you would be required to stream yourself live on our platform every weeknight and discuss

happenings around the NBA," read the email from CamSoda's Vice President Daryn Parker.

"We would be more than happy to accommodate your penchant for women, and you'd be free to stream with them while they twerk in the background and more."

It's unknown at this stage whether Pierce has agreed to be the adult site's professional ball critic.

Beam Me Up, Prince

IN addition to his pursuits on Earth, Prince Philip—the late husband of Britain’s Queen Elizabeth—was reportedly also fascinated by the alleged existence of aliens and UFOs.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who died in April at age 99, liked to watch the sky for flying saucers and had amassed a large collection of books on the subject. He was also a regular subscriber of *Flying Saucer Review*, a quarterly magazine established in 1955, and studied military reports about UFOs, according to Peter Horsley’s memoir, *Sounds from Another Room*.

Horsley, Philip’s former aide, served the duke from 1949 to 1956 and wrote in his book that the prince would have him bring people who claimed to have witnessed UFOs to Buckingham Palace to talk about their extraterrestrial encounters.

Stranger still, Horsley also claimed in 1954 he had an experience with a mind-reading alien called Mr. Janus.

“He didn’t say he was a visitor from another planet—but I had that impression,” he wrote. “I believe he was here to observe us. I never saw him again. I have no qualms about the reaction to my experience with Mr. Janus.”

He added that Janus wished to meet Prince Philip, whom he described as a “man of great vision.”



CULT LEADER ARRESTED

A former Australian soldier accused of running a cult in which women were allegedly forced to sign “slavery contracts” has been refused bail.

James Robert Davis was arrested outside a hardware store in Armidale, Australia, and charged with three slavery and sexual servitude offenses.

The charges relate to one woman, who police said the 40-year-old manipulated as part of a “cult,” between 2012 and 2015, during which she was allegedly subjected to ongoing “physical, sexual

and psychological abuse and degradation.”

The self-proclaimed “kinky sex overlord” is the leader of a group known as House of Cadifor and had previously been the subject of a documentary, boasting about his BDSM lifestyle and relationships with multiple women.

Davis, who was accompanied by five of his “wives” in court, has proclaimed his innocence, and his lawyer insisted, “There is no crime in lifestyle choices.”

Something's Afoot



IN a case that's continued to baffle police for months, a criminology expert has claimed the discovery of an accused con woman's decomposed foot means there's a chance she could still be alive.

In November 2020, Australian Melissa Caddick, who posed as a financial planner, vanished without a trace from her home in Sydney, while under investigation for allegedly swindling investors out of millions. Months later, her decomposed foot washed up at a remote beach hundreds of miles away and was discovered by startled campers.

It was initially presumed the accused fraudster was dead, but no other remains have since been found, fueling conspiracy theories that Caddick might be alive and on the lam.

"When it was just a foot, I would caution against the possibility that somebody is deceased. You can survive without your foot," said Dr. Xanthé Mallett, associate professor of criminology at the University of Newcastle.

Finding random severed feet on beaches isn't an uncommon occurrence in some countries. For more than a decade, disembodied feet have been washing up on the coasts of British Columbia, Canada. While many people blamed a niche serial killer with a penchant for chopping off victims' feet and tossing them in the sea, the floating foot mystery is far less interesting and sinister than that. Basically, feet separate from decomposing corpses because the ankle is a weak part of the body, and over time, the sinew in the feet degrades and disconnects from the leg. The reason feet have been washing up more frequently in recent years has to do with the fact that shoe designs have changed, adding in lighter foam and air pockets. So instead of the encased feet of the dearly departed sinking to the floor of the ocean, they float and the prevailing currents steer the poor soles to shore.



Woman Hit By Flying Turtle

A 71-year-old woman was taking a cruise with her daughter down Florida's Interstate 95 when a turtle smashed through the windshield of their car, striking the older woman in the face.

The daughter pulled over and called 911, guessing the projectile was a piece of concrete. She was corrected by a motorist who had stopped to help—and alerted the woman that her mother had been hit by a grenade in the form of the turtle.

The shocked septuagenarian suffered a gashed forehead. Although bloodied, she was

otherwise unharmed.

It's likely the turtle was crossing the highway when it got punted into the air by another vehicle.

The woman was taken to a hospital for treatment, while the unharmed turtle was released into the nearby woods.

Even stranger, this isn't the first this time has happened. Last year in Georgia, a turtle hit a passenger in the face after crashing through the windshield, and in 2016, a woman suffered minor injuries after a turtle went through a windshield on Interstate 4 in Florida.

DOGGED BY DIVERSITY

AN award-winning Australian cartoon series for children is at the center of a social media storm after being criticized for "lack of diversity" by a journalist.

The wholesome series titled *Bluey* follows the lives of Bluey, the Blue Heeler puppy, and her family. The show has been praised for teaching kids' positive family values like respect, sharing, mental and emotional resilience, and the importance of helping each other.

But ABC Everyday journalist Beverley Wang said she's frustrated that the cartoon is "missing one thing."

"My question is this: Can Bluey be more representative? (And yes, I'm aware that

Bluey's Border Collie pal Mackenzie is from New Zealand)," she wrote.

Wang went on to question, "Where are the disabled, queer, poor, gender diverse, dogs of color and single-parent dog families in Bluey's Brisbane?"

Wang was quickly criticized for politicizing a universally adored kids' show that's been heralded for diversity, with radio journalist Mark

Levy saying, "I don't mean to be rude to Beverley Wang, but it's a blue dog. It's a cartoon! What's next? Ms. Wang, are you going to be unhappy at the fact there aren't any German shepherds or French bulldogs? Does that make Bluey racist?"

Next, they'll be telling us flirtatious skunk Pepé Le Pew normalizes rape culture... oh, wait.



GET THE PICTURE

THE unexpected arrival of wild weather generally sends photographers and their models packing. However, Heather Hussey-Van Gaale used the unruly change in climate to her advantage and captured this moody shot of Steph Sinn bathed in marine fog, with a backdrop of volcanic rock fading in the distance. The shoot initially began perched atop an 80-foot cliff at Heather's beach house, above the stunning shoreline of Baja Norte, Mexico. "We started shooting indoors, against colorful Mexican Talavera tiles bathed in sunlight, when the fog started rolling in to the private little cove below us," Heather tells *Penthouse*. "I love the drama and the mystery of the foggy coast, so we ran down to the cove to shoot there."

We guess it's true what they say—Mother (Nature) knows best. **1**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HEATHER HUSSEY-VAN GAALE





CRUSH

JQ STANCZYK

FOLLOW @JQSTANCZYK

SWEET dreams are made of neon. JQ Stanczyk has posed in swimwear during a snowstorm, been drenched head to toe in paint while naked for the sake of art, and played basketball for 10 years. “I still hit the courts in Chicago and surprise men with my intense defense,” she tells *Penthouse*. A self-described “nomad,” JQ says she’s allergic to rules and conforming to societal expectations. “There are no rules! I live by that. Not in the sense of promoting anarchy, but I’m a firm believer in living your life without restraint or expectations imposed on us by society. Why can’t I be a successful CEO and naked on the cover of a magazine? There is no box for one person to fit in, and we should all stop trying.” With an attitude like that, the future glows brightly for this luminous Chicago model. **1**

The World of Censorship

CENSORSHIP IS ALL THE RAGE AROUND THE GLOBE

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH



North Korea

Freedom-seekers aren't going to find much to like about North Korea's iron grip over the entire internet within its borders. No social media and no porn, and all news is heavily censored.



China

Say goodbye to freedom of speech and hello to the Great Firewall of China. New regulations mean members of the public can be jailed for just commenting on news posts.



Scotland

Legislation has created a new crime of "stirring up hatred" and has made comments about age, religion, sexual orientation or transgender identity a potential offense.



Myanmar

Where to begin? Films have been censored for showing actors wearing tight pants or drinking and smoking at the same time. *The Simpsons Movie* was banned as censors forbade the use of red and yellow.



83 countries

Governments worldwide have used the COVID-19 pandemic to justify violating the exercise of free speech. Authorities in several countries have attacked, detained, prosecuted and even killed critics, claiming they "threaten public health."



Germany

Germany's notorious NetzDG law makes online platforms liable for illegal content, requiring social media companies to block or remove content that violates any one of 20 restrictions on hate and defamatory speech in the German Criminal Code.



Hong Kong

Much online debate has become illegal, and the world's largest tech companies—including Facebook, Google, Twitter and Zoom, who host much of the data—are locked in a standoff as they refuse to comply with authorities' requests for user data.



Vietnam & Iran

In Vietnam, many bloggers are put under surveillance to prevent them from attending or reporting on news events. Meanwhile, in Iran, journalists' relatives could lose their jobs or pensions because of the journalists' work.



Brazil

Lawmakers in the South American nation are working on a campaign against so-called "fake news." It requires a judgement on what constitutes "fake news" and which facts could be deemed to cause collective harm.

A portrait of Wyatt Hawn Russell, a man with long, wavy blonde hair and a light beard, wearing a brown leather jacket over a patterned scarf. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a solid dark red color.

MOTM

WYATT HAWN RUSSELL

COMIC book fans will know Wyatt Hawn Russell for playing John Walker/Captain America in the new Disney+ series *The Falcon and the Winter Soldier*.

The rest of us may know him for being the son of Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell. He's actually the longtime couple's only child together, but he has three half-siblings: Kurt's son Boston Russell, from his marriage to *Elvis* costar Season Hubley, and Hawn's children from her relationship with ex-husband Bill Hudson, Kate and Oliver Hudson.

Wyatt's late grandfather Bing Russell also had his share of the spotlight as an actor and baseball player, but the 34-year-old star has worked hard on building his own career.

He first appeared onscreen at

age one in 1987's *Overboard*, a romantic comedy his parents made together. OK, it wasn't a starring role; he's just spotted in the background.

Ice hockey, not acting, was initially his true passion. But when his athletic career ended due to severe injury, he decided to pursue acting as a full-time job.

When Wyatt auditioned for *The Falcon and the Winter Soldier*, he didn't realize he was being considered for the role of John Walker.

"I didn't know it was for Captain America," he said. "They don't tell you who you're trying out for. You get the part, and then you have to ask who it's for."

Wyatt also said of playing the new Captain America, "It would be an honor to be disliked."

Little did he know, though, that the role would lead to him receiving death threats!

Turns out some fans have been unable to separate fiction from reality; Marvel Cinematic Universe (MCU) fans took to posting on Wyatt's official

identify with," Wyatt told reporters. "A lot of people really love Steve Rogers and Chris Evans' version of him, and now it's like, 'Somebody else is that guy? It should have been Falcon.' It's fun to put your version of what

"It's not every day you get to be villainized in the Marvel world. I take it as a compliment."

Instagram account, wishing him dead. The posts have since been deleted, and when news spread about the hate mail, more, let's say, discerning fans started posting messages of support.

So, no, he's not quitting. "Everyone's feeling a personal connection to people that they like, and that they

you don't like onto somebody because it feels good to direct it to a person and have valid points about why you don't like them. It's not every day you get to be villainized in the Marvel world. I take it as a compliment."

Yep, never let the haters get you down. 



SEX

Start Your Engines

IF YOU WERE A CAR DOOR, I'D SLAM YOU ALL NIGHT LONG.

BY AIME WEE

CAR sex has all the elements of a thrilling fuck—urgency, risk and the undeniable teenage nostalgia that comes along with it. We've all awkwardly slid into the passenger seat or been jabbed in the thigh by a gear stick while trying to climb over the center console of a motor vehicle for the sake of sex. For some of us, car sex was the holy grail of our high-school hookups. But car sex shouldn't just be reserved for teens. In fact, a study based on search engine data showed more than 6,600 Americans Google "how to have sex in a car" every month. Before you go giving or getting some rev-worthy road head, here are five things you should know first.

1. Cars Are for Quickies

Car sex should be all about speed. If you're looking for a longer lovemaking session, save it for somewhere that's actually comfortable. Unless leg cramps and backaches are your fetish, of course. Car sex should be reserved for fast and furious lunch-break sex or a quick romp on the side of the highway during a road trip. Car sex inherently comes with a sense of urgency because nothing kills a boner quicker than getting a citation for indecency.

2. In The Rear

Everyone thinks car sex is all about doing it in the passenger seat, but the rear of the vehicle is going to offer you the smoothest ride. Maximize the minimal space by sitting in the middle of the backseat and having your partner straddle you. Getting it on this way means she's not going to end up whacking her elbow on the door or sitting on a gear stick that isn't yours.

3. Crack a Boner (And a Window)

Car windows are a catch-22 when it comes to sex in a vehicle. If you keep the windows up, you're guaranteed to have the hottest sex of your life. Steamy, active bodies in a small space with no air is just going to overheat both of your engines before you cross the finish line. Crack a window at least a fraction, or you'll find yourself role-playing that scene in *Titanic* where Rose's hand drags down the steamy window. While that might sound sexy in theory, fogged-up windows on a Prius that's rocking side-to-side is a dead giveaway for an off-road romp. Wind the windows down a little, but be aware that noise travels. We suggest keeping the dirty torque to a minimum.

4. Eau De Car Sex

Sex has an unmistakable smell, and it's a scent that can linger. Sure, it's a fragrance we love, but try to avoid smelling like a walking wet patch, if you can. Lower the windows afterward, and enjoy the post car-sex glow, making sure to give yourselves plenty of time to air out before you go from missionary to your next mission. Having a quickie in a cramped space is bound to get you sweating like you're being hightailed by the cops. If you think car sex might be in your future, keep a few toiletries in the glove compartment, like hand sanitizer, deodorant, lube, face wipes and condoms.

5. Times Change

Let's be real. Car sex when you were a horny teenager was fun because sex was new and exciting—and you had nowhere else to do it. But times change, and our expectations of comfort evolve as we age, so don't be shocked if you find car sex as an adult surprisingly hard work ... tire-ing, even.

With that being said, variety is the spice of life, so clean the Tic Tacs and crushed Cheerios out of your seats and go christen your Civic. **1**

The Power of the Dark Side

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

SPORTS fans who enjoyed watching *Dark Side of the Ring* may well want to check out the recently released *Dark Side of Football*.

This spin-off of the pro wrestling documentary series looks at tragic and bizarre real-life stories to come from the football world.

Since 2019, fans have loved watching as the veil was lifted on some of the most gripping stories in wrestling, so it's hardly surprising to see the successful franchise expand, given the huge popularity of former *Dark Side* episodes. After all, *Dark Side of the Ring* has pulled in massive ratings

and stands as the No. 1 show of all time on Vice TV.

Everyday sports fans have been fascinated by the opportunity to take a glimpse behind the scenes and sneak a peek at the madness and mayhem as insiders speak about how the wrestling world really runs.

The wrestling docuseries returned for Season 3 in May. David Arquette, actor-turned-wrestler, was among the talking heads. He recalled being "in over my head" during his bloody 2018 GCW so-called "deathmatch" against Nick Gage.

Director Jason Eisener said, "As a kid, I grew up watching

wrestling. I was a huge fan of Hulk Hogan, and The Undertaker, and Jake 'The Snake' Roberts. About eight years ago, I started looking at wrestling again, and I started reading these stories from behind the scenes that were just so insane and larger than life ... We thought, man, it would be so great to one day be able to examine the desperate lengths that these wrestlers went to, to protect the mystique of wrestling."

And, it turns out, this bizarre side is not unique to wrestling.

Now, the franchise is taking a look at the two sides of

football. On the one hand, we have America's undying love of football, and then, on the flip side, there's disturbing corruption and damage.

As the series kicked off, the high-energy voice of a player spoke about stabbings, fights and beatings, along with the impact all of that has had on his state of mind. He said he was scared for his life.

"You don't ever let anyone punk you. This is a game of respect," another personality said.

Never a dull moment.

If you like your sports served with a side of troubling tales, this is a must-watch. 



FILM

AN R-RATED WACKY SUICIDE!

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

CRAZY goes to a whole new level in supervillain movie *The Suicide Squad*. And this time, director James Gunn gets to do things his way.

David Ayer's 2016 *Suicide Squad* ended up being a flop that was widely panned by critics and audiences.

So this time around, Warner Bros. recruited *Guardians of the Galaxy* director Gunn to steer the second production of the franchise back on track and make more of a positive impression on audiences.

Expect to see the director's trademark humor with an rated-R edge.

Gunn has called all the shots, including standing firm on the August 6 release date of the film. The final picture was locked in well in advance, but he refused to release it early. He wrote on Twitter, "I want as many people to be able to see it in theaters as possible."

His reasoning makes sense. This is a movie that was made for the big screen, and the longer it's held back, the more people will be vaccinated against COVID-19.

Another factor in sticking to the release date would be Warner Bros. carefully timed schedule; they don't want expensive movies going head-to-head. Rather, they tend to stick to a one-per-month plan.

In the meantime, Warners Bros. has been busy building the hype with character posters, trailers and a variety of other marketing materials.

The red-band, or R-rated, *Suicide Squad* trailer broke viewer records—a positive sign that audiences are eager to see the finished product.

Harley Quinn, played by Margot Robbie, is back. But you should only expect to see three additional returning characters from the first movie: Captain Boomerang played by Jai Courtney, Rick Flag played by Joel Kinnaman and Amanda Waller played by Viola Davis.



Gunn is bringing a ragtag, motley crew of misfits together in the hope that a gaggle of strange characters sparring will provide good entertainment.

Offering a significant pull to moviegoers, no less than 12 new characters are introduced in this reboot, including Idris Elba's Bloodsport and John Cena's Peacemaker.

Peacemaker has already garnered a lot of attention and chatter online, being labeled the "douchey Captain America." The character—and the actor—have secured a spin-off series on HBO Max, which is set to debut in January 2022.

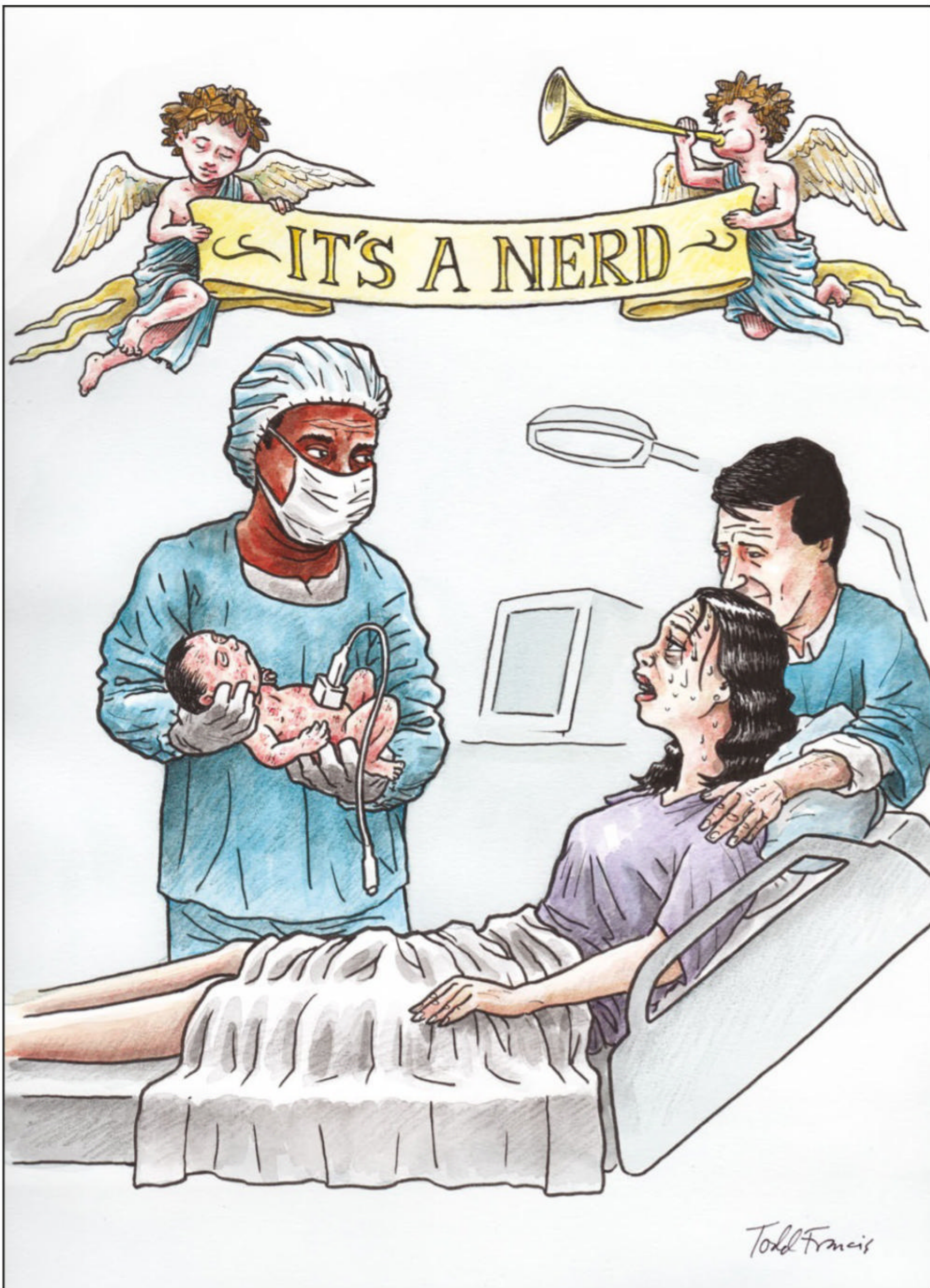
Gunn says he cast WWE World Champion Cena because he loved him so much in the 2015 comedy *Trainwreck*. Take from that what you will.

Sylvester Stallone also joins the starry lineup, voicing King Shark—a man-eating fish-human hybrid.

Basically, Gunn is bringing a ragtag, motley crew of misfits together—much like Marvel's *Guardians of the Galaxy* films—in the hope that a gaggle of strange characters sparring will provide good entertainment.

Slogans that have been circulating ahead of the launch include "Don't Get Too Attached," so perhaps don't get too attached to any of the new characters. They may not be around very long.

Ooh, the suspense ... **i**



WTF are NFTs?

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

NFTs are the latest form of digital asset, generating hundreds of millions of dollars for artists and traders brave enough to pioneer the field.

Building upon the successes and widespread acceptance of Bitcoin and Ethereum, NFTs, or non-fungible tokens, are one-of-a-kind crypto assets that assign ownership to unique works of art.

First designed as “Colored Coins,” these assets were worth small fractions of Bitcoin and painted with distinct information, setting them apart from regular transactions.

The concept was later used to create and trade digital artwork in the form of “Rare Pepes”—a 4Chan meme given monetary value—on a peer-to-peer platform called CounterParty, which curiously enough was used by Venezuelans to trade cryptocurrency as fiat currency deprecated in value in the socialist state.

History lessons aside, you might be wondering how to create and sell NFTs of your own and partake in the lucrative market that’s now courting the likes of celebrities including Grimes, Justin Bieber and Katy Perry.

With any luck, you might land yourself a multimillion-dollar sale like Beeple, whose artwork is selling for upwards of \$69 million.

The NFTs you create can take myriad forms, including art, virtual items, music, collectibles and even virtual land in spaces like *Second Life*—which we’d frankly recommend against unless you have an infinite amount of hours to dedicate to living in a virtual world.

You won’t need any extensive knowledge of cryptocurrency, or even blockchain, to partake in NFTs, but you will need to decide on the currency you intend to trade with.

For this purpose, you should select a currency that’s widely supported by most major NFT trading platforms. We recommend Ethereum (ETH) because it’s the largest ecosystem.

First things first!

You’ll need to set up an Ethereum wallet that supports ERC-721, the NFT token standard. For simplicity, we recommend MetaMask—it plugs right into your browser and you access it through your phone.

Once you have your deposit address, purchase some Ethereum from any number of cryptocurrency exchanges, including Coinbase, Binance or Kraken. Steer away from apps like Robinhood as you may encounter difficulty transferring your funds elsewhere.

To begin buying NFTs or selling your work, you can head over to one of several NFT marketplaces, the most popular of which are OpenSea, Rarible and Mintable. You can also buy and sell authenticated tweets on Valuables. It costs nothing to host an NFT on OpenSea, although other platforms require a small Ethereum fee.

So, why would anyone want to buy NFTs? What’s the value in them?

It’s basically art—and art is worth whatever value people are willing to assign to it. Its value only grows as the popularity of an artist increases.

“NFTs are unlikely to disappear anytime soon. In fact, they’re more popular than they’ve ever been.”

One good way to invest in NFTs is to purchase creations by up-and-coming artists, whose works you own will have potential to increase in value in the same way that a Picasso might over a span of time.

Beeple’s art, once worth next to nothing, is worth millions today—thanks to the publicity he’s garnered over the past few months.

If you’ve ever seen the movie *Ready Player One*, the contest held by character Nolan Sorrento to reward the player who’s able to beat the high score of every game with his entire business, is in essence an NFT; every product is available in the virtual world.

Unlike static works of art, NFTs are intelligently designed; they can store more information than is publicly available. Artists may, for example, include special attributes to their works to increase their scarcity or even add unlockable content available only to their owners. This can include anything from prize raffles, to access to exclusive services. Given that they’re few, if any, rules to what you can include in an NFT, you’re only limited by your imagination.

Furthermore, artists can duplicate their art and create limited releases to sell multiple copies of the same NFT—all numbered and signed, of course.

Thanks to the nature of cryptocurrency and the inclusion of “smart contracts,” it’s even possible for artists to gain royalties from the sale of the same NFT should the ownership change hands. This can work as a passive source of income for NFT artists.

NFTs are unlikely to disappear anytime soon. In fact, they’re more popular than they’ve ever been.

With the mainstream adoption of Ethereum and other cryptocurrencies, they’re only going to become more popular from here.

We’re not saying it’s a sound investment, but if you have a few hundred dollars to spend, or if you’re already creating works of art, why not monetize them? **1**





MUSIC

Earth to Mogwai

BY PAUL DALGARNO

THE surprise success of Scottish band Mogwai's latest album—*As the Love Continues*, which reached No. 1 on the U.K. charts—raises some questions, but maybe none more pertinent than this: Have Mogwai moved closer to the world, or has the world moved closer to Mogwai?

Their 1997 debut album, *Mogwai Young Team*, peaked at No. 75 on the U.K. charts just a few months after Tony Blair's New Labour seized power with its new masculinity, new meritocracy, new everything—a Team-U.K. shininess, brashness and pre-Iraq War confidence reflected in sobriquets such as Britpop and Cool Britannia. *Be Here Now* by Oasis and *Spiceworld* by the Spice Girls were the bestselling U.K. albums that year.

But 1997 also doffed its coffin lid to 18 years of enervating Tory rule, in which Mogwai's home city of Glasgow had been ridden by the U.K. government into managed decline and its industry gutted, with its citizens' life expectancy ranking persistently the lowest in the U.K. and among the lowest in Europe. Optimism? Brashness? Well, no, not just for the sake of it.

Mogwai's blueprint differed from the polished post-rock of many of the bands with whom they were originally compared, including Sigur Rós and Godspeed You! Black Emperor. They

were—and are—more accurately, an epic alternative rock band playing mostly without a singer, as very few Mogwai songs have vocals. Their quiet-loud dynamic is elevated to a genuine art form, their music spraying wood chips of frustration, anger, chutzpah, contemplation and—in the most authentic, hard-won way—euphoria.

In addition to their increasingly successful studio albums—2014's *Rave Tapes* and 2017's *Every Country's Sun* both reached the U.K. Top 10—the last quarter-century has seen the band record scores for the film *Kin* (2018),

so delicate, ferocious and intertwined, they're almost impossible to trace back to their originating amps.

As the Love Continues is deep, dark and cohesive—from its warm, bassy foothills, to its electronica-infused peaks. Transcendence and solace—these come as glorious breaks in the clouds. As *Pitchfork* put it, these are “mountainous songs suffused in nameless sadness”—a new range, so to speak, but not a new direction.

Talking to *The Guardian*, frontman Stuart Braithwaite described the album's success as “totally surreal, completely

“As live albums and festival appearances attest, their musicianship and international appeal goes way beyond the studio walls.”

TV's *Les Revenants* (2012–2015), and the documentaries *Zidane: A 21st Century Portrait* (2006) and *Atomic, Living in Dread and Promise* (2015).

As live albums and festival appearances attest, their musicianship and international appeal goes way beyond the studio walls. What they lack in well-honed stage banter is made up for in sheer aural awesomeness—guitars, drums, electronica and keys commingling, rising and overwhelming with sounds

unexpected. At no one point ever has anyone even working with us said we're going to have a No. 1 album—it's not the kind of thing that enters into our orbit.”

Until now, of course. As the world labors through a health crisis, economies crater, and political and social optimism is, to put it mildly, scarce, we have all entered into Mogwai's orbit, and they ours. **📍**

As the Love Continues by Mogwai (Rough Trade) is available now.

CRAZY CRYPTOCURRENCY

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

THE cryptocurrency mining craze is good for gamers, but not for the reason you may think. It's true gamers are presently unable to purchase newly minted graphics cards, but that doesn't mean they're missing out on much.

It's easy to hate on cryptominers for buying up the entire inventory of available graphics cards—GPUs. There's little doubt that the latest boom in Bitcoin and Ethereum popularity has made it hard for gamers to pick up upgrades, especially with the release of Nvidia and AMD's new systems. Not only are they hard to get—those available are exorbitantly priced, well out of reach of the casual gaming enthusiast.

That said, there's a good chance if you're an avid gamer, you already have a graphics card capable of running most, if not all new titles—most of which are designed to cater to cards several generations old. Not having the latest and greatest won't stop you from playing *Cyberpunk 2077* or *Valheim*, both of which run perfectly well on older systems, provided you're willing to turn down the settings a little.

After all, most games are designed to run on Xbox Series X and PlayStation 5 hardware, which are much less powerful than the latest series of GPUs.

With that out of the way, how do gamers benefit from the crypto rush?

Enter cryptomining. Thanks to various services and the ease of mining Ethereum and other cryptocurrencies, gamers can earn money with their graphics cards, to pay off their next round of upgrades. There's nothing wrong with skipping this generation of graphics cards, especially when the next lineup is just months away.

Set aside your worries about power usage. If you're already using electricity to heat up your apartment during winter, why not keep yourself warm with a computer that generates passive income when you're not using it?

Furthermore, while the current generation of cards may remain greatly out of reach for now, that won't be the case forever. Within a year, Ethereum is set to move to a “proof of



“First adopters are effectively beta testers for state-of-the-art hardware that only reaches its full potential at the end of its cycle.”

stake” system that will effectively end the need for GPU-based mining, which is the most profitable token to mine at the moment. As with the previous crypto bubble, demand for GPUs will die down.

And when that happens, gamers can expect the secondhand market to explode with high-end graphics cards, making them affordable for anyone to upgrade.

And if you've been mining during that time, you can use your earnings to

effectively buy yourself a whole new rig.

Following the previous bust in 2018, loads of Bitcoin and Ethereum farms offloaded their equipment, which had been rendered obsolete by higher mining requirements, and gamers saw a flood of high-end graphics cards.

For now, Nvidia is trying to cope with the demand by releasing GPUs with built-in limiters to make them less effective for mining, but they've since been overcome, which means that these pieces of hardware, too, will be available to gamers at not-insane prices.

It's never a good idea to buy high-end graphics cards to begin with. First adopters are effectively beta testers for state-of-the-art hardware that only reaches its full potential at the end of its cycle before the next generation of hardware comes around.

So don't give in to FOMO, because patience will, inevitably, pay off. **1**

CYBER CUTIE

DREAM LOVER

TIFFANY GRAYSON

PHOTOGRAPHER
IRINA-ELENA TOPALA











WITH killer curves and bedroom eyes, camgirl Tiffany Grayson is a spellbinding beauty. Draped in lace or wearing little more than a smile, this issue's Cyber Cutie sets hearts racing. Her sensual cam work has earned her rave reviews that praise her stunning looks and sultry moves. It's easy to see why this gorgeous babe has fans all over the globe—but she's more than just a pretty face. As Tiffany explains, "I'm so much more than you can see on the surface." There are many sides to lovely Tiffany, but these photos show some of her best! She tells *Penthouse*, "I love modeling. I love exposing my body in sexy pictures." Read on to learn more about the blonde bombshell.

What do you like most about your job?

Working online as a model, I have the opportunity to explore so many new things. It allows me to see different perspectives and develop my imagination and creativity. And, of course, talking with so many people builds my confidence.

What do you think are your best qualities?

I have the ability to make every day a beautiful memory, enjoying them in all the best ways.

What is your favorite fantasy?

I've always wanted to wake up in one of those overwater bungalows ... The ocean breeze awakens me, next to a handsome man. I look into his eyes. He's gazing at me, and I feel his hand slowly moving upward, almost touching me between my legs. I'm already wet, biting my lip and slowly moving closer to him to kiss him. We start touching each other, and then we have the best sex ever.

What's the biggest turn-on for you?

I love when a man whispers sweet words to me. 

AGE: 22

MEASUREMENTS: 36C-25-35

NATIVE COUNTRY: Romania

HEIGHT: 5'11"

WEBSITE: tiffany-grayson.flirt4free.com

Tiffany
Grayson
XOXO



PENTHOUSE

01

GOLD





THANK GOD FOR DANNY FREJO

HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST BADASS HAS A PAST THAT COULD
RIVAL THAT OF ANY OF HIS ONSCREEN CHARACTERS



D

ANNY Trejo is a real-life badass with an adrenaline-fueled past that could rival that of any of his onscreen characters.

The *Machete* actor, who grew up in Los Angeles, was using heroin at 12, robbing liquor stores and banks with his uncle Gilbert at age 14 and attended his first 12-step meeting at 15. He also spent most of the '60s in some of America's most notorious lockups. He even ended up in solitary confinement at Salinas

Valley State Prison in Soledad, Calif., after accidentally striking a guard with a rock during a riot. But he avoided landing on death row when the case was dropped.

During his incarceration, Trejo turned his life around, becoming a top boxer and successfully overcoming his drug and alcohol addictions.

After Trejo was sprung, he worked as a youth drug counselor and landed an opportunity to train actor Eric Roberts in boxing for the movie *Runaway Train*, which led to a small part in the film. Since then, the Mexican-American star has become a Hollywood staple and is one of the most prolific actors in the biz, amassing a cinematic rap sheet of over 400 acting credits.

Now 77, Trejo has been sober for 52 years, and since cleaning up his act, he's devoted his life to helping others. Ahead of the release of his tell-all *Trejo*, he spoke with *Penthouse* about how he rebuilt his life after finding sobriety and spirituality, his life-changing acting roles and how he overcame adversity to become Hollywood's friendliest bad guy.

When's the last time you read a *Penthouse* magazine, Danny?

To be honest, I haven't read anything but scripts for the past two years! I've been busy, busy, busy. I tried out for the *Penthouse* centerfold, but they wouldn't take me.

Ha! Congratulations on your memoir, *Trejo*. The book reads like a very honest and raw portrait of your life.

When I started writing it, I was just kind of scribbling stuff down. Then a friend of mine, Donal Logue, an actor who was on *Gotham* and *Sons of Anarchy*, actually started reading it and told me I was skipping over stuff. He started helping me, and we both wrote it together. I started reliving a lot of stuff that I'd kind of put out of my head. It was awesome because I was writing with somebody I really trust. Donal and I have been friends for years; he's my BFF. So, it was real, and it was simple because of the trust we have. It was kind of like working with a really close brother who knows everything about you.

You attended your first 12-step meeting when you were just 15 years old. Do you remember anything from that first meeting?

[Laughs] Absolutely. I walked into that meeting holding a case of beer, three bottles of wine and a half-pint of whiskey, and I had a .38 snubnose in my pocket. I didn't know it was an AA meeting. We went in thinking it

was a party! There were a lot of cars parked outside, and to me that meant some kind of function, so we crashed in through the front door and saw a big sign that said, "We care." It was strange, but I was already loaded on pills. The man running the meeting invited me to stay and started to explain the program to me. Then he whispered the curse.

What was the curse?

He said, "If you leave, you'll either die, go insane or go to jail." And it seemed like every time I would get in some kind of trouble, I would hear that, you know? Die, go insane or go to jail, and that's the curse of the 12-step program.

How have you managed to stay sober for more than 50 years, especially with the temptations that can come with working in the film industry?

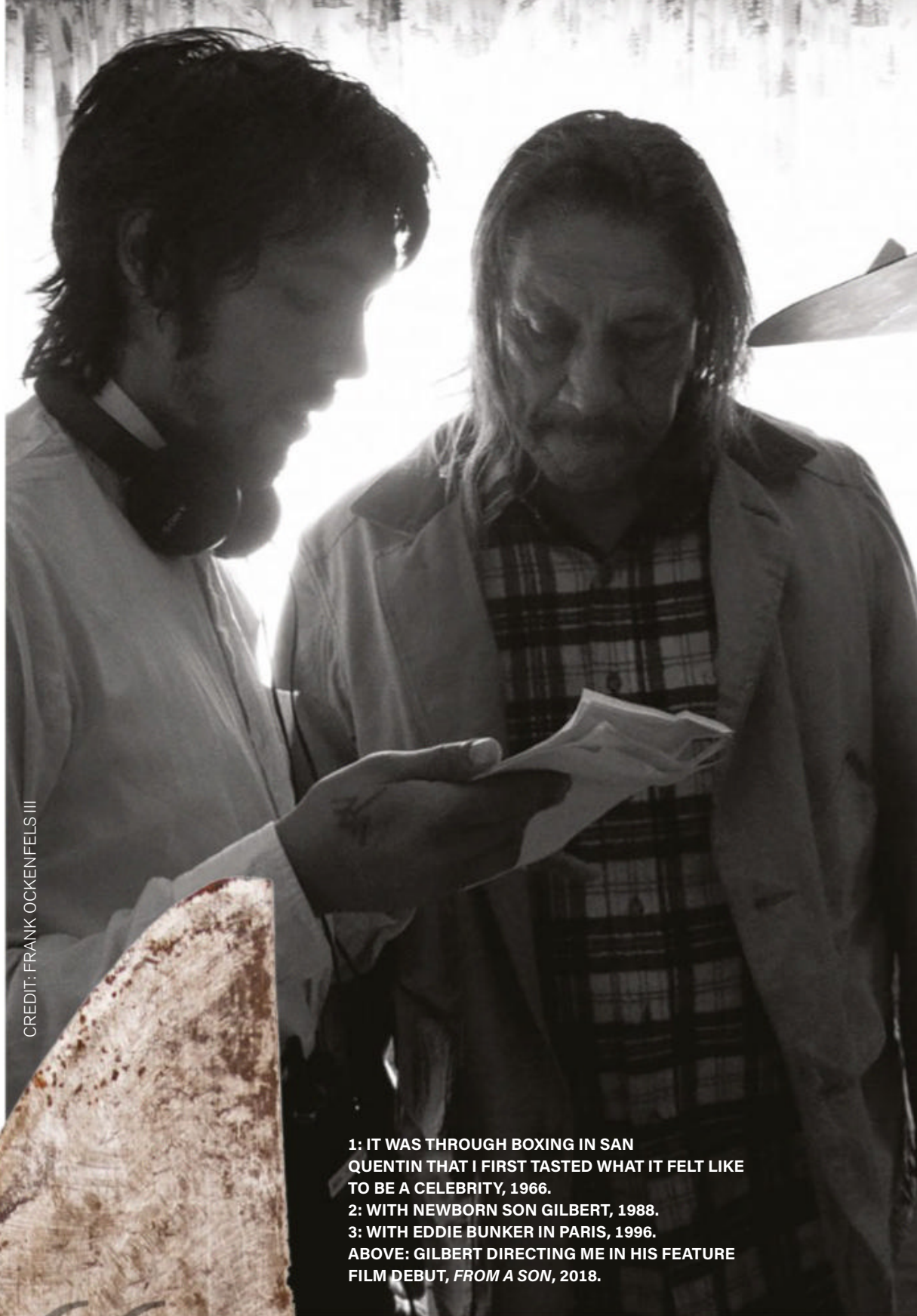
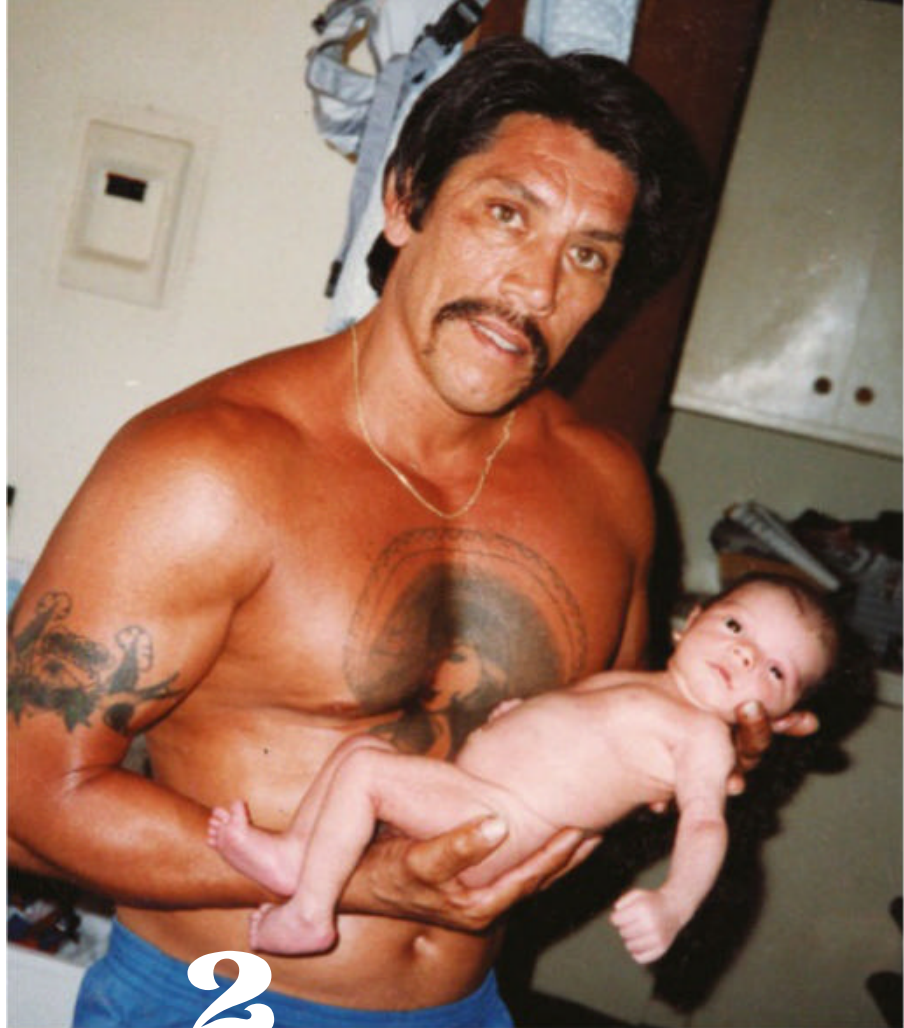
I no longer want to shower with 50 men. I no longer want to stay in isolation for six months, you know? Some of us, we die, go insane or go to jail. Insanity is doing the same thing but expecting different results. The results to me, of doing the same thing or falling into old habits, is going to jail. That means I have to shower with 50 men again and try not to look, and here I am again, locked up, sitting in a hole. I guess the temptation for me is not what it is to everybody else. When I hear everybody else talk about it, it seems like they had a lot of fun



when they were drinking and doing drugs. Whereas for me, I got shot at, got stabbed, people tried to chase me, I had the police after me. So, it might have been exciting, but I wouldn't call it a lot of fun.

Even through your darkest moments in the book, you continue to crack jokes and remain positive. Would you say laughter and humor play a part in your recovery and approach to life?

It's funny that you say that because I always used to sing "Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay!" in the morning in prison to keep my mind going. I'd sing "Get rid of worry in a hurry, chase the blues away! Just laugh and be happy!" Well, when you're doing that, it's kind of hard to feel down! I've had people call me and tell me they're depressed, and I'm like, "OK, let's try this." And I'll sing to



1: IT WAS THROUGH BOXING IN SAN QUENTIN THAT I FIRST TASTED WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO BE A CELEBRITY, 1966.
2: WITH NEWBORN SON GILBERT, 1988.
3: WITH EDDIE BUNKER IN PARIS, 1996.
ABOVE: GILBERT DIRECTING ME IN HIS FEATURE FILM DEBUT, *FROM A SON*, 2018.

them, and they'll start laughing. To me, it's just another form of prayer and meditation because it is just putting your mind in a different place, instead of concentrating on being depressed. I'm singing this silly-ass song, and I'm laughing.

Would you say that your relationship with God played a role in your sobriety, too?

Absolutely. Without God, I'd be dead. I made a deal with God in 1968 in the hole in Soledad. I said, "If you let me die with dignity, I'll say your name every day, and I will do whatever I can for my fellow inmate." I was in prison, and I didn't think I was ever getting out. I honestly believe that God said, "OK, sucker, I'll give you a break. You got the rest of your life to prove it," and I've been living up to my deal ever since. Because it wasn't help me pass

“WHEN I SEE PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT HOW SPIRITUAL THEY ARE AND STUFF, I ALWAYS WONDER: HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE YOU HELPED TODAY?”

this test or let me get a good grade or don't let my mom be mad at me. I just wanted to die with dignity, and he's been keeping his deal, and I've been keeping mine, and you know, it's been a pretty good life.

You've dedicated the majority of your life to helping others achieve recovery. Why does this work remain important to you?

Well, I honestly believe that's the way we're supposed to live. When I see people talking about how spiritual they are and stuff, I always wonder: How many people have you helped today? How many homeless people have you fed? How many pairs of socks did you hand out? Because everybody who I consider a friend, and everybody who I would break bread with, has thermal underwear, socks or a bag of hamburgers in the trunk of their

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car because they're passing them out to homeless people or they're helping kids in juvenile hall. That's what we do. That's what makes people feel good. Not just them, but the person that's doing it. I like feeling good, and that makes me feel good.

Recently, I bought a bunch of food, and I was handing out meals to the homeless. That's important, especially right now, after this pandemic. There are people homeless, and not because they want to be. They've lost their apartments. They've lost their houses. This was a worldwide epidemic, and now we have to get back from that. So we've got people who were kind of bombed out. Like in London when people were bombed out, during the Second World War. We didn't say, "Oh well, they should just pull themselves up now." We took care of them. And that's what we have to do now. We have to take care of all these people. I'm no saint, but I just know we've got to do our part.

For someone who is struggling today, what advice would you give them?

Go do something for somebody. Just do something, anything. Go to your closet, find some old shirts or some clothes and just go hand them to a homeless guy. When you see the joy that one of your old damp shirts can bring someone, you can't help but feel good. When the people I sponsor call me and say, "You know, this is happening, and I feel so bad." I'm like, all right, come on, let's go feed some homeless people."

One day I gave a 20-dollar bill to this lady on the street who was selling these little thread bracelets. She had her two little kids with her, and she was making these bracelets on a blanket. So I took two of them, and I gave her a 20. She was like, "I don't have change." I insisted, but she was scared to take it. She was homeless, and she kept saying, "Oh no, no, no, I don't have change." And I was like, "That's OK. I have these two bracelets. I don't need change." And she was overwhelmed and said, "Oh my God, I can get some shoes for my kids!" Shoes? Damn, where you shopping? I want to know where you're shopping! But she was so grateful and so overwhelmed. I was going through a divorce, and I felt like a million dollars. There's always somebody that needs help. All I've got to do when I feel bad is find somebody who feels worse and help them.

In the book, you're very honest about how your view of women and your behavior toward women has changed throughout your life. Would you say your daughter Danielle played a role in that shift?

[Laughs] She did. My daughter has absolutely everything to do with it. Let me tell you something, because if I would say something like, not derogatory, but smart, kind of like, "Hey, ese ... I love the way that skirt fits you," or a guy kind of comment, she'd almost slap me and go, "Dad! You can't do that. My God, what is wrong with you? What if somebody said that to me?" And she started doing that when she was like five and six, you know? My daughter has had everything in the world to do with my changed attitude toward everybody. She's an amazing little girl. Well, she's not little. She's 32 now, but she's just amazing.

Could you ever have imagined while in prison, that 50 or so years later you would be where you are?

When I made my promise, when I made my deal with God, I didn't even say I will help people every day. I remember saying, "I'll say your name every day, and I will do what I can for my fellow inmate the rest of my life." I thought I was going to stay in prison. I didn't even think about getting out of prison. And when I got out, it was like, wow, OK, God. So, everything that has happened since that time, I blame on God, because I never thought I was getting out of prison, let alone would be where I'm at. I have to say that if you don't like the way I am, blame God, because I've just been trying to live the way he wanted to me live. It's how he wants all of us to live. Not just me. It's funny, though, because everybody that I deal with ends up being involved in helping people. My ex-wife Joanne belonged to this organization that gave me a humanitarian award, and we've been divorced for 30 years, but when I got the award, she told people, "Danny showed me how to care for people." She said, "I would wake up there would be some drug addicts sleeping in my living room." And I would say, "Oh, he needs a place to stay. We're going to help him," because that's what I do, and that's what I did. So that was the best compliment I could get—and that's coming from an ex-wife!

WHEN ROBERT DE NIRO SAID, "HOW DO YOU WANT TO DO THIS DEATH?" I ALMOST PISSED MY PANTS. I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT AS LONG AS I LIVE.



ABOVE: TO BE ABLE TO WORK WITH MY BEST FRIEND EDDIE BUNKER (TOP LEFT), AND GUYS LIKE TOM SIZEMORE, ROBERT DE NIRO, JON VOIGHT AND VAL KILMER, ON *HEAT* IN 1994 IS PROBABLY MY FONDEST FILM MEMORY.

The film *Runaway Train* gave you your big break, and it was also a turning point for you in your life.

Eddie Bunker. You've got to mention Eddie Bunker. I was in San Quentin with him, and this is a guy that when he saw me on the set of *Runaway Train* [as an extra], he remembered that I won the lightweight and the welterweight championships [in prison]. He saw me win that. And he goes, "Trejo, are you still boxing?" And I said, "No, man, I'm 40 years old. Are you kidding? I don't want to get hit in the face no more." And he said, "We need somebody to train one of the actors how to box." And I remember saying, "What's it pay?" because at the time they were giving me \$50 for being an extra. When he told me the pay was \$320 a day, I said, "How bad do you want this guy beat up?" Because I was

making \$320 a week as a drug counselor. And so Eddie kind of steered me toward training Eric Roberts how to box for *Runaway Train*. That's how I got into the movie business.

What's your favorite role or coolest film you've worked on?

My son Gilbert just finished directing me in a music video for a band called Starcrawler, and I think that was one of the highlights of my life. He would give me a direction, and under my breath I would tell him, "I used to put you in time out," and he would say, "Yeah, but I'm the director now, Dad." To me, there's God, then there's the director. On a film set, I'm hired to act and he's hired to direct, so I had to give my son the same respect that I'd give Michael Mann or Robert Rodriguez. It was unbelievable. There were a couple of times I almost started crying, because, wow, here he is, my son Gilbert Trejo directing me.

Have you ever struggled with feeling respected in Hollywood?

I think people have struggled with not giving me respect in Hollywood. I respect everybody. I would rather have a mangy dog for a friend than an enemy. I think it's up to an individual to demand respect and to tell people when they're being disrespectful. I won't let people disrespect me. There's a couple of times I've threatened to beat people to death for disrespecting me. Movie stars are dicks. Not all of them ... yeah, all of them. Hollywood is geared to seduce you into thinking that everybody's supposed to go get you a cappuccino. It's made that way, and the reality is that a movie is a great big team effort. Piss off the camera guy, see what happens. Your kids will be asking you, "Daddy, why are you blurry in this movie?" I try to treat everybody the way I want to be treated. And it seems to work for me.

In fact, Eddie Bunker once said the secret to my success is that everybody who's worked with me wants to work with me again. I sound like I'm bragging, but I want to leave every situation that I'm in better than when I got there. Whatever the situation is. Eddie was awesome. He passed away but remains one of the greatest, greatest crime writers ever. Another thing he said to me was, "The whole world can think you're a movie star, but you can't," and I said, "What are you talking about?"

and he said, "Watch, come here." So we went over to one of the stars who was on this movie that we were on. We were standing there, and everybody was like, you know, sucking up to him. And then when he walked away, we heard people saying, "Boy, I'd like to kick that guy's face in!" Woah! They'll be nice to you because you're the star, but if you're not a good person, when you leave, they won't ask you back.

Clearly, you're doing something right because you have over 400 acting credits to your name.

Yeah, I've done a lot! I have to admit a lot of those films that I've done were student films, where I did them as a favor for some kid who was a first-time director. Low budget films, where they'll buy you lunch or something. People think that since I've done so many movies I must be a millionaire, but the reality is that a lot of those films were favors. In fact, I just got asked to do another favor. Some kid is doing a film, and he's a student. Yeah, OK. I'll do a walkthrough or something. I don't mind! I think that's one of the reasons why I'm successful in the film industry.

You say in your book that you use your film career as a vessel to amplify a message to a wider audience. What does that mean for you?

When I speak at schools and juvenile halls, I find the first thing you have to do is get the kids' attention. Number two is that's impossible because they have none; they have no attention. And three, you have to show them you're cool. And if you're 10 years older than them, you've lost your cool badge. Then you have to deliver your message. My message is that alcohol and drugs will ruin your life. Education is the key to anything you want to do, and anybody can deliver that message. The only problem is because of number one they're not listening. Well, the blessing that this movie career has given me is that I have everybody's attention the minute I get close to that campus. Teachers have told me the kids that don't even come to assemblies are there. I went to some of the worst schools in Los Angeles and going into an auditorium, the kids are screaming and yelling, and the teachers are screaming and yelling back. I walk out, and everyone goes quiet. That's not because of Danny Trejo,

though. That's because they're seeing the guy from *Heat*, the guy from *Desperado*, the guy from *Con Air*, the guy from *Machete*. They're seeing the guy from all those movies that those kids love, and suddenly, boom! They want to hear what that guy has to say. So, it's a blessing. I'm still doing this work. And that's what this movie business was about for me.

You're also the record holder for most onscreen deaths, having been killed in 65 films at the time of this interview.

What's been the most memorable one?

I think it would have to be in the movie *Heat* with Robert De Niro. I think that was the most unreal, just being on the screen by myself with Robert De Niro. It was like, whoa! That was the biggest thing, because Robert De Niro was like the president, you know what I mean? He's like the main guy, and working with him felt like being knighted. I felt like Sir Trejo! And he was a real gentleman, who was so professional and just so unbelievable. When he said, "How do you want to do this death?" I almost pissed my pants because, wow, it's Robert De Niro. I'll never forget that as long as I live. And then he came and did *Machete* with me.

You also have developed an empire of businesses, including Trejos Tacos and Trejo's Coffee & Donuts in California. What made you decide to branch into hospitality?

Everything good that has happened to me has happened as a direct result of helping someone else. There was a director who wanted me to do this low budget movie, but I'd had an offer for a bigger movie that offered more money. But my agent, Gloria, said I should do the low budget one because it looked like a good deal. So I did this low budget movie that I didn't want to do, even though at that time I would have preferred the money. The movie was called *Bad Ass*. It turned into a trilogy, and I ended up making four times the money. Gloria won't let me forget it. This is where I met a producer named Ash Shah, who saw that I eat good quality food. I don't eat processed or fast food. And all of a sudden, he said, "Hey, why don't you open a restaurant?" Jokingly, I said, "Trejos Tacos!" Because my mom always talked about opening a restaurant just to piss

off my dad. And that's actually how I got into the restaurant business. Ash brought me a business plan. I gave it to Gloria, and the rest is history.

From your film career, to your work as a recovery advocate, to becoming a restaurateur, you're constantly reinventing yourself. How do you have so much energy for so many diverse projects? Any plans to slow down?

Yeah, when I die! No, I also just started a record label. *Chicano Soul Shop Vol. 1* is out now, and we're getting ready to drop an album called *Trejo's Soul Classics*. I was helping this little lady whose daughter wanted to be a singer, so I started this record company. And I've got three or five artists right now that are all signing with me, and we're getting ready to drop another album. I like watching people be successful.

In the book, you said when you were diagnosed with cancer, you were less concerned about dying and more concerned about directors finding out and you losing work. Why is that?

Basically I had these contracts that were already signed. And it was like, if the studios find out that I have cancer, I could lose it all. And I didn't want that. So I went to work, while in the middle of chemo. God, I went to work feeling like I was dying. I remember this one movie, every time the director went "Cut!" I would walk off set by myself and throw up and then come back. Simply because we were shooting, and I didn't want to cost everybody money. And also, I got bills like everybody else. I was like, I don't want to leave my kids with this debt. I didn't want to leave owing a bunch of stuff.

You also do animal rescue work. Why is animal advocacy important to you?

Let me tell you something. Dogs are our responsibility now. Way back when they were wolves, we called them into our fire. We domesticated them. They were fine just crapping anywhere they wanted and just doing whatever they wanted. They were fine. But we brought them into our fire, and we domesticated them. We turned them into Shih Tzus and everything else. So they're our responsibility. So every time you pass an animal shelter and you see dogs there, you're not living up to



“**YOU
KNOW,
EVERYTHING
GOOD
THAT HAS
HAPPENED
TO ME HAS
HAPPENED
AS A DIRECT
RESULT OF
HELPING
SOMEONE
ELSE.**”

your responsibility. I love dogs. I've got five or six. I'm trying to live up to my responsibility—and that's animals and kids. Right now, we got a bunch of kids living in Long Beach Civic Center, and they came from Mexico, and they're our responsibility. Some people say, "Well, they're illegal immigrants!" But it's not about that. They're human beings, you know? I feel that we're responsible for everybody in the world. That's just the way it is.

It's pretty clear the world needs more Danny Trejos.

[Laughs] Wow, say that in the article and tell my three ex-wives they need to remember that! 🗨️

Trejo: *My Life of Crime, Redemption, and Hollywood* (Atria Books, \$27) hits bookstores July 6.

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THE SHARP SHOOTER



PHOTOGRAPHER
HEATHER VAN GAALE







TO get a great shot, Heather Hussey-Van Gaale doesn't hesitate to put herself on the line. The photographer, who spends her time between Baja California, Mexico, and Los Angeles, has been arrested twice for trespassing and has experienced her fair share of "scary encounters" while shooting "beautiful, sordid characters" on the streets of Mexico. She even once had a close call with a biker!

"Put it this way: I learned really quick that even though the back of a Harley is a great vantage point for art's sake, it's not a good idea to hop on one with a stranger from a biker bar in Arizona," she says.

Set design and location scouting are huge passions of Heather's, and her adventurous spirit and fearlessness shine through in her images, which are captured at

stunning spots around the world.

"While I like to direct a shoot with a clear idea, I always leave room for magic. Like a little gust of wind or a dramatic streak of lightning. I love serendipitous moments like those," she explains.

"If the model goes in cold water during the shoot, then I'm in the cold water with her. If the model is climbing a tree, I'm likely up in the tree next to them," Heather says. "It's an adventure, and we always have a lot of laughs."

To Heather, a great photo captures a moment that can't be duplicated.

"A great photo needs to make you stop and stare. It should leave a question mark in the viewer's head," she insists.

"I like my images to be thought-provoking, beautiful and have drama or whimsy. Clean lines are great, but

sometimes I like a tangled mess."

She believes photographers who refer to their work as "content" are doing themselves a "disservice."

"A great piece of work isn't merely content," she argues. "It should resonate or inspire someone, and bring forth some sort of lasting emotion or pleasure."

When asked what her dream location for a photo shoot would be, Heather says, "I would love to shoot nudes with ancient Cambodian architecture overgrown by tree roots and laced with vines. Someplace showing remnants of culture and history."

For all of her success, Heather says her biggest achievement is being featured in *Penthouse* and gushes, "Pinch me!" 

INSTAGRAM: @photohussy

WEBSITE: speakingbohemian.com











MASK ON, MASK OFF

BY BARBARA PIZIO

THERE'S A GLIMMER AT THE END OF THE MASK-WEARING TUNNEL—BUT NOT EVERY AMERICAN IS READY TO TAKE ON THE WORLD WITH A BARE FACE

WITH vaccinations ramping up in the U.S. and infection rates dropping—even in cities hit hardest by COVID-19—the Centers for Disease Control has relaxed their mask mandates for those who've received the jab. But not every business and local government, or their coronavirus-wary citizens, are eager to give up the face coverings that have been credited with saving thousands of lives.

Earlier in 2021, Dr. Anthony Fauci, director of the U.S. National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases and chief medical advisor to President Joe Biden, appeared on NBC's *Meet the Press* and said, "We've had practically a nonexistent flu season this year merely because people were doing the kinds of public health things that were directed predominantly against COVID-19."

Taking the observation further, the nation's COVID guru hypothesized that "people might actually elect to wear masks" after the imminent threat of the killer bug fades to protect themselves from annoying colds and the flu.

But after 15-plus months of covering up, it's not so outlandish to wonder what America's latest new normal will be—and when we'll get there.

Previous pandemics had utilized face coverings to successfully slow the spread of disease—sinister-looking and useless 17th century plague masks aside.

Wu Lien-teh, a University of Cambridge-educated Chinese doctor, championed the use of the "prophylactic

apparatus" to ward off the Manchurian pneumonic plague that killed about 60,000 people between 1910 and 1911.

But that death toll was nothing compared to the Spanish flu which socked the globe in 1918 and may have stolen as many as 50 million lives—and saw people frantically covering up with masks, scarves and veils in an effort to stop the scourge.

Masks also came out in many nations during the deadly SARS outbreak in the early 2000s.

But as each of those crises came to a close, masks gradually disappeared—save for some Asian countries where it became good manners to keep your germs to yourself.

With experts claiming a cough can produce as many as 3,000 droplets potentially containing the life-threatening novel coronavirus, it's easy to understand why many public officials rallied around the mask—even as the politicization around them grew.

One health professional went as far as to say mask-wearing could spell the difference between a rampaging pandemic and a disease that simply peters out.

But as COVID fatigue sets in, and vaccinations seem to be doing their job, some people have grown restless—even if they never bothered to cover up themselves in the first place.

However, among those who did, not everyone is eager to fling their mask to the wind—including those who are

immunocompromised, caregivers for the vulnerable and those just dead set on playing it safe for a little while longer.

A recent survey from Ohio State University's Wexner Medical Center polled more than 2,000 people and found a whopping 72 percent said they'd keep their masks on in certain situations. About 90 percent said they'd keep up their frequent hand-washing; we thank you for that—and that remaining 10 percent shouldn't be expecting an invite to our barbecue.

In an online Q&A, Shannon O'Neill, Ph.D., a licensed psychologist and assistant professor of psychiatry at the Icahn School of Medicine at Mount Sinai, said, "It makes a lot of sense that people are feeling anxious and unsettled right now.

"Just when we were finally adjusting to a new normal and some predictability and flow, the world is preparing to change all over again. Future uncertainty and a sense of not knowing what to expect can fuel anticipatory anxiety."

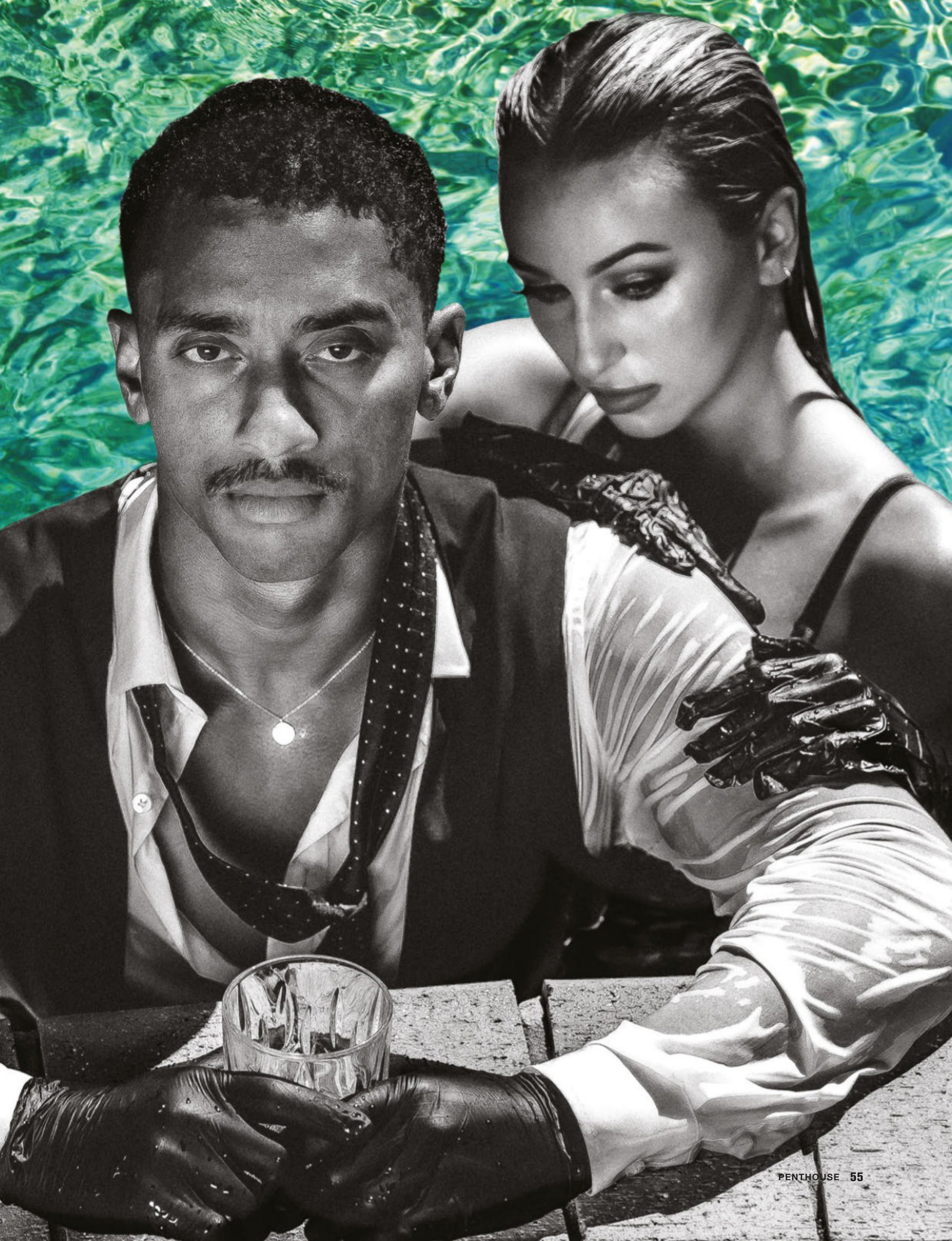
With variants lurking in viral hotspots and travel kicking up, there's no telling what the coming months will bring as far as mask-wearing goes. Although the momentum seems to be swinging toward personal choice—barring yet another devastating wave of infections.

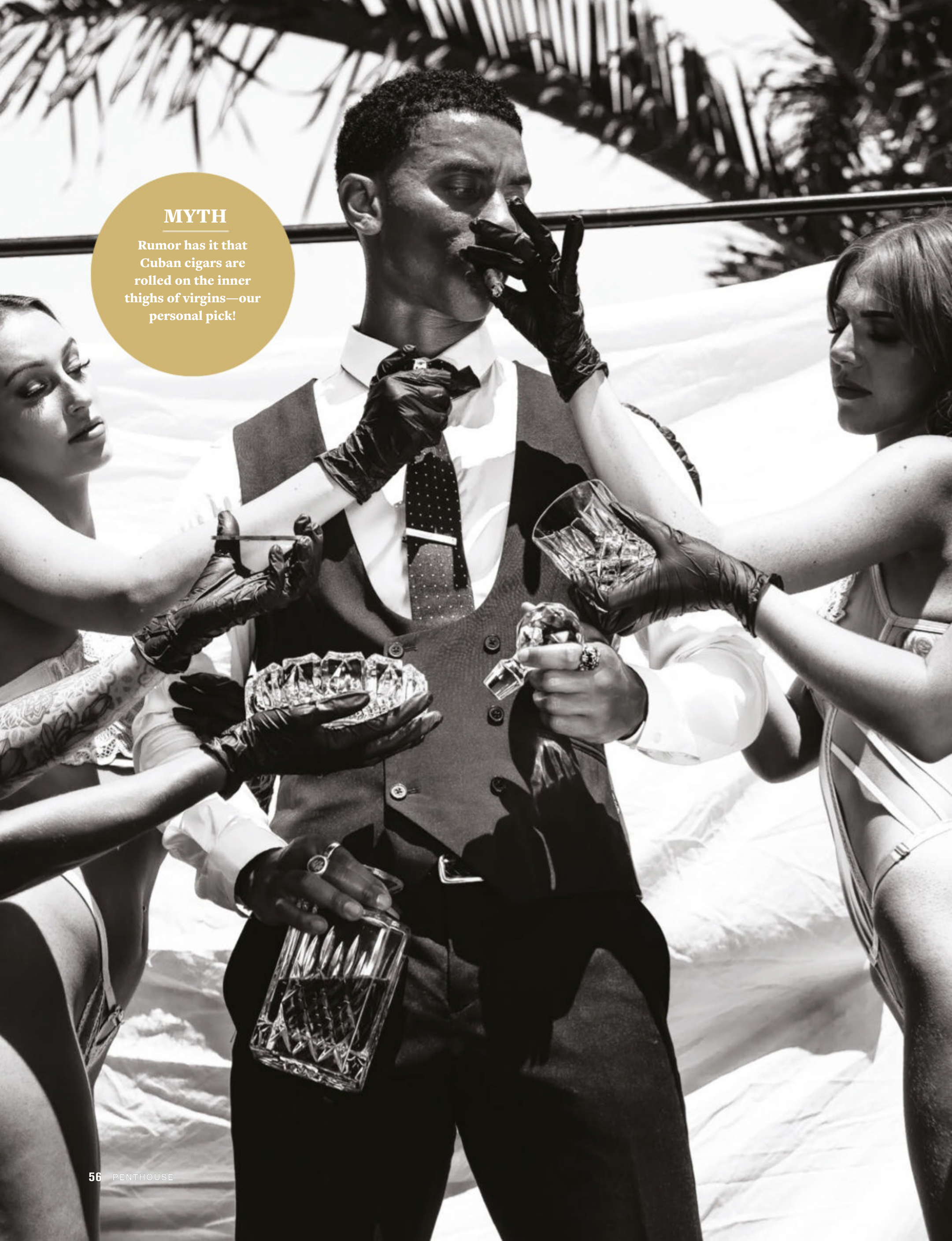
As one Twitter user quipped, "MFs at work keep asking me why I'm still wearing a mask if I'm vaccinated. Have you ever considered that I'm mysterious and interesting and sexy?" 🕯

SMOKIN' STYLE WITH SUBSTANCE

AS WE ENJOY THE WARMTH OF
SUMMER'S RAYS UPON US, IT'S THE
IDEAL TIME TO HEAT UP OUR WORLD
FOR A WHILE. WE'VE GOT YOUR
WHOLE SUMMER SEASON COVERED
FROM SCORCHING STYLE ESSENTIALS
TO COOL CADILLACS, CIGARS AND
CRISP COCKTAILS.







MYTH

Rumor has it that Cuban cigars are rolled on the inner thighs of virgins—our personal pick!

SUCK AND BLOW

Cigars

WANT to add a cigar to your crazy nights but need a little know-how? We've got you covered. From the foot to filler, and how to store your goods carefully, it's all here in our guide to cigars.

TOASTING THE FOOT

The tip of the cigar, otherwise known as the foot, should be lit using a long wooden cigar match or a butane lighter. If you're using a match, wait for the sulfur to burn off before lighting the cigar. Start lighting a cigar by holding it at a 45-degree angle above the flame, about three to four inches from the tip of the cigar. Then, rotate the cigar until the foot begins to ignite. Don't let the flame touch the cigar, slowly puff on the cigar and rotate it around the flame. To make sure the cigar is burning evenly, you should gently blow on the foot. Once the cigar is lit, let it sit for a minute to stabilize the freshly lit stogie.

Toasting the foot ignites the outer layers of tobacco (especially the binder and the wrapper). If you don't toast the foot, only the inner tobacco (the filler) will ignite. When that happens, the cigar burns unevenly and develops a poorly shaped ash, burning with an irregular, unsatisfactory smoke.

RELEASING THE DRAW

When you pull on the cigar, that is inhale without actually inhaling, a flash of flame will flare up from the foot of the cigar and a puff of smoke should exhale from your mouth.

PUTTING OUT A CIGAR

Never stub out your cigar as you would a cigarette, as it will produce a stale odor that lingers. Let your cigar naturally burn out and then dispose of it safely. You can relight a cigar if it was smoked less than two hours previously. After that, it's not recommended to relight.

STORAGE

Humidification is the only way to keep your cigars fresh indefinitely. Cigars should be stored under the following conditions:

- 65 to 70% Humidity
- 68 to 72 Degrees Fahrenheit

A humidor is a box designed specifically for storing cigars. Some humidors have lift-out trays and dividers that help organize your cigars, but design is less important than the ability to keep your smokes fresh.

HANDMADE VS. MACHINE-MADE

Most cigars are created when the wrapper is applied by hand to a bunch of combined, blended filler leaves with a manual or motor-driven machine. Often these cigars are referred to as "machine bunched, handmade." As the name suggests, machine-made cigars are made entirely by machine, using short filler or scrap filler tobacco. The wrapper is natural, but the binder is created from homogenized tobacco.

Pure, 100% handmade cigars are produced without the use of any machines and are instead created by a premium cigar roller.

FILLER

Handmade cigars have long fillers and are made of leaves of tobacco running the whole length of the cigar. Recently some manufacturers have created medium filler cigars, and some handmade cigar, such as the Oba Oba!, contain mixed fillers. This increases the quality of a handmade cigar at a considerable discount. Machine-made cigars have short fillers made from leaves, stems and other scraps of tobacco chopped up by a machine. Short fillers burn faster and become hotter, making drawing and burning quality significantly inferior.

BINDER

The binder holds the filler together. Handmade cigars use tough, coarse tobacco leaves to hold the filler together. Machine-made cigars use ground up tobacco parts that are held together by a natural glue.

WRAPPER

Handmade cigar rollers take fine, silky, elastic wrapper tobacco and stretch it around the molded cigar body. This stretching and laminating process, essentially, makes the cigar look and feel sexy. Machine-made cigar wrappers are generally flat and dull.

FIRE ON ICE *Mezcal*

DON'T get us wrong, we love classic tequila cocktails, but when we fire up a cigar, we sometimes find ourselves itching for tequila's smokier cousin, mezcal. When the sun is setting on another scorching day, rather than reaching for a whiskey nip to pair with a fat Cuban, try these bold, spirits-forward takes on the traditional Manhattan, old-fashioned Oaxaca and classic margarita with a twist. Here are some of our favorite ways to add some mezcal to our cocktail rotation.

MANHATTAN

Ingredients

- 2 oz. Doña Vega Espadín Mezcal
 - 1 oz. Sweet Vermouth
 - 3 dashes Angostura Bitters

Instructions

Mix all ingredients in a shaker and add plenty of ice. Stir for 15 rotations. Strain into your selected glass. Can be served straight up or on the rocks. Garnish with a charred orange peel, maraschino cherry or a brandied cherry.

OAXACA OLD FASHIONED

Ingredients

- 2 oz. Mezcal
 - .25 oz. Simple Syrup
 - 2-3 dashes Angostura Bitters

Instructions

Stir together all ingredients in a rocks glass with a large ice cube until well chilled.

SMOKY CASA MARGARITA

Ingredients

- 2 oz. Casamigos Mezcal
 - 1 oz. Fresh Lime Juice
 - .75 oz. Agave Nectar
 - 2 dashes Orange Bitters

Instructions

Combine all ingredients in a tin shaker. Add ice. Shake well. Strain into a rocks glass. Add fresh ice. Garnish with a charred orange peel.

MEZCAL 101

In the most simple terms, the difference between tequila and mezcal is how it is cooked. Tequila is produced by steaming agave inside industrial ovens before it's distilled two or three times in copper pots. Mezcal's agave is cooked inside earthen pits that are lined with lava rocks and filled with wood and charcoal before being distilled in clay pots. Tequila tends to have a smooth, sweet flavor, and mezcal is often described as savory and smoky. The smoky quality comes from the underground cooking process.



CREDIT: STARCEVIC



HISENSE may have started out as a white goods producer in China nearly 70 years ago, but they have transformed into a leader in high-end electronics.

A recent addition to its catalogue is the game-changing L5, a pioneering piece of technology that offers perfect 4K, Ultra HD imagery on a 100-inch screen, with the goal to introduce the ultimate cinematic experience to people within their own homes.

A JBL Cinema Sound System provides

surround sound quality usually reserved for multiplex cinemas, offering a truly immersive experience with everything you watch.

The high-end home cinema also features a real colour laser, which allows everything you see on screen, ridding the risk of light dispersion while offering a more natural viewing experience. This means it actually adapts to its surroundings, so you always have the best, sharpest image displayed right in front of you. Moreover, a VIDAA operating system

brings it in line with the plethora of Smart TVs that are currently on the market.

Users can also gain instant access to providers such as Stan, Netflix and iView, even as Freeview TV without the need to cast from your phone to an exterior Chromecast or Firestick.

Being a market leader in home TV does come at a cost, however. The most recent version of the L5 is available for \$6,999, but all things considered, it might just be a bargain as you will never need to fork out for a trip to the cinema again.



ADDITIONAL SPECS

- Optional *Super Cruise*, the industry's first true hands-free driver-assistance technology for compatible roads
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MOTORING

ELECTRIC KING

THE FUTURE IS NOW WITH THE ARRIVAL OF CADILLAC'S LYRIQ

FIT FOR A KING

The interior is clean and simple with a focus on secondary and tertiary design elements, including intricate laser-etched patterns through wood over metal decor, which has never been done before. The large, curved LED screen is the centerpiece. All of the components are incorporated artfully, blurring the lines of separation between technology, lighting and decor.



A great new era has begun. The production debut of the 2023 Cadillac Lyriq is the culmination of a century of innovation. Testing of Cadillac's inaugural luxury SUV is running ahead of schedule, and customers can place order reservations from September 2021. Initial availability will start in the first half of 2022.

"Throughout the next decade, Cadillac will define the future of luxury transportation through a series of exciting new electric vehicles, and it all begins with Lyriq," said Rory Harvey, vice president, Global Cadillac. "The 2023 Cadillac Lyriq's stunning design and artfully integrated technology combined with GM's Ultium platform will deliver a high-performance luxury experience unlike anything that has come before it, setting a new standard for Cadillac."

Lyriq will be available with both premier technologies and stirring performance capabilities enabled by the vehicle's dedicated electric architecture. Complete with a 12-module, 100 kilowatt-hour battery pack and rear-wheel drive, Ultium platform will deliver an estimated 340 horsepower and 440 Nm of torque—and a Cadillac-estimated over 300 miles of range with a full charge.

"Thanks to the modular and highly flexible Ultium platform that powers Lyriq along with advanced virtual development tools, Cadillac has been able to accelerate development and put more real-world miles on prototypes sooner than expected," said Jamie Brewer, Lyriq chief engineer. "It's exciting to see our objectives realized on the road—and it means we are on track to bring this pioneering electric luxury vehicle to customers nine months earlier than originally planned."

Lyriq will feature next-gen variable Regen on Demand technology, along with the convenience of One-Pedal Driving. Regen on Demand enables drivers to control how quickly Lyriq slows down, or comes to a complete stop, using a pressure-sensitive paddle located directly on the steering wheel.

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

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GOOD FOR THE SOLE

SOME WILL CALL IT SACRILEGE—WE JUST CALL IT GOOD TASTE

FOR far too long the rubber flip-flop has been an overused staple of a regular man's summer wardrobe.

But with time comes connotations, and one can't help but associate this floppy piece of footwear with lazy days at home and beer-guzzling guys in sports bars rather than a stylish ensemble.

Now is the time to invest in something a little more considered; something that will keep the wind running through your toes without

sacrificing on style.

In layman's terms—it's time to get yourself a pair of sandals.

The sandal market has really come into its own in recent years, managing to brush off years of stereotypes associated with bearded '70s hippies and Silicon Valley CEOs.

The main reasons for this are bigger demands for comfort, longevity and something that can be worn with anything other than a pair of shorts and a vest or T-shirt.

Some of the biggest names in the business are throwing out superb designs made from the

finest leathers, with soles that can withstand anything from a day sauntering around at home, to a soiree at the beach or a step about town.

They quite literally go with anything in your wardrobe, from shirts and cardigans, to roomy slacks and jeans.

As many of us turn to more ethically made sustainable clothing, this little investment could be one of the best and most comfortable you make this summer, while ridding the world once and for all of uncomfortable, easily broken rubber flip-flops.

Call for Models
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♂

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SOCIAL PREMIER

FEELING THE HEAT



JUJU BIANCHI

PHOTOGRAPHER
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BOOTYFUL Brazilian Juju Bianchi flaunts her dangerous curves as a camgirl on OnlyFans and regularly shares her pulse-quickening portraits with her nearly 400,000 Instagram followers. Now, the South American stunner is heating up the pages of *Penthouse*!

The Rio de Janeiro-born brunette speaks Portuguese, Spanish and English—making her a triple threat. Since moving to the U.S., she’s put down roots in Miami, and the 29-year-old tells us she loves Florida’s beaches because they remind her of her native country and keep her from getting homesick.

Take one look at this gorgeous green-eyed girl, and we think you’ll agree that Juju sizzles both in and out of a bikini—thanks to her 32DDs and top-notch bottom. After all, why should she bother with a bathing suit, when her birthday suit is so damn fine. **1**

FAST FACTS

- Her astrological sign: Aquarius
- Her dream job: Veterinarian
- Her fave sexy movie scene: Denise Richards and Neve Campbell’s pool scene in 1998’s *Wild Things*.
- What gets her in trouble: Añejo tequila
- Where she’s happiest: In the ocean off the coast of Brazil.
- The historical figure whose life she’d like to live: Cleopatra
- Her celebrity sex fantasy: Chris Hemsworth
- What she considers romantic: A passionate kiss in the rain.

INSTAGRAM: @iamjujuxo

TWITTER: @jujuafterdark

ONLYFANS: @iamjuju





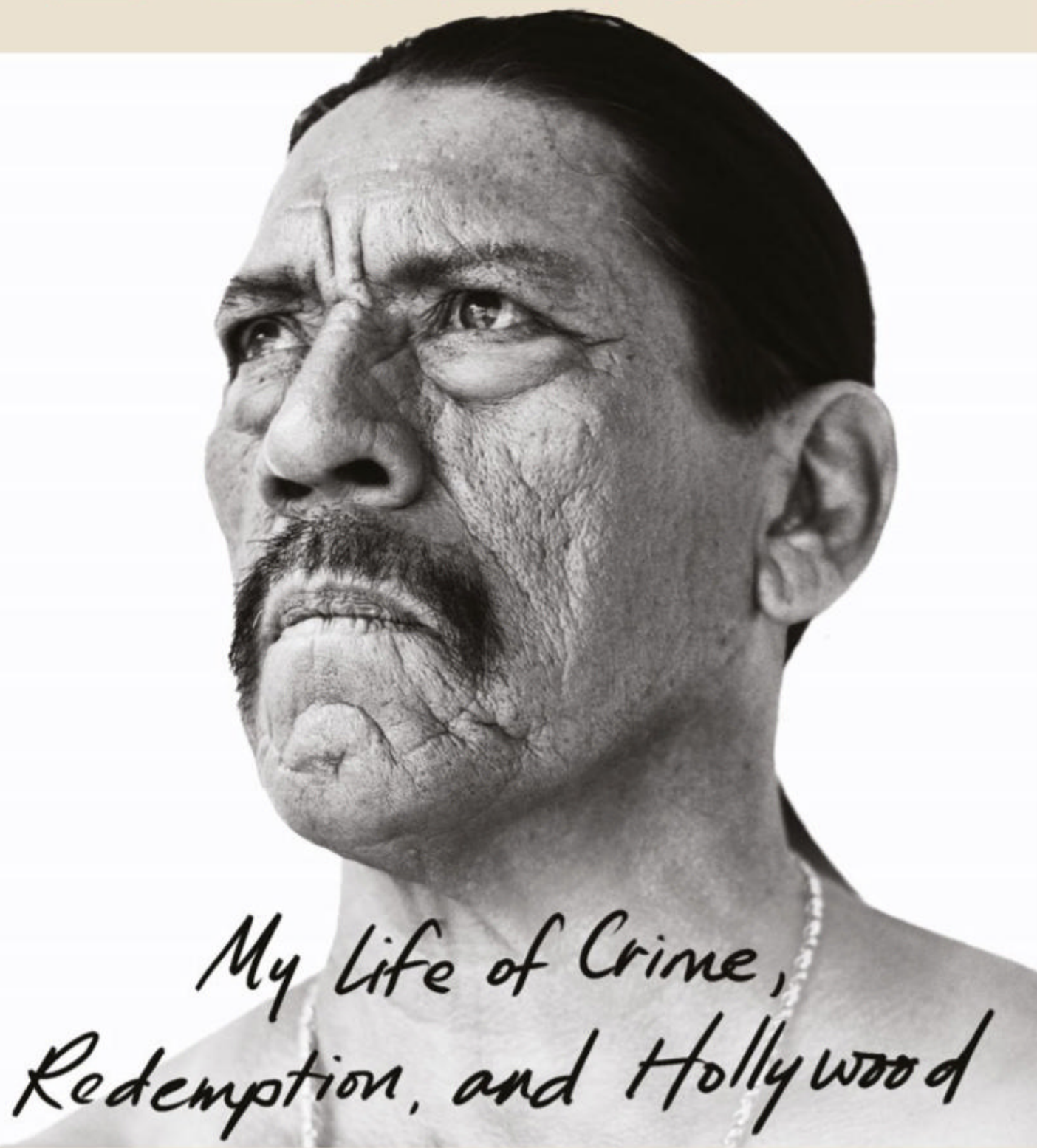








TREJO



*My Life of Crime,
Redemption, and Hollywood*

DANNY TREJO

with DONAL LOGUE

ON SALE NOW

THE WAR & PEACE OF TIM O'BRIEN

TIM O'BRIEN IS THE VIETNAM WAR'S FOREMOST BARD, A SOLDIER-POET WHO'S WRITTEN ABOUT COMBAT AND THE FRAGILITY OF PEACE FOR DECADES. A NEW DOCUMENTARY REVEALS THE LITERARY LION STILL HAS ONE MORE BOOK IN HIM—AND HARD TRUTHS FOR US ALL. **BY MATT GALLAGHER**



LITERARY documentaries serve a curious function. Most follow writers at the end of their careers as they look back on their lives and work, so they're pensive, even wistful. This can be interesting in its own way, especially to other writers (raises hand), but there's an inactive reminiscent quality that fills a good many. Lives spent in the letters can indeed prove worthwhile and fulfilling, but that doesn't mean they make for riveting television.

A lively exception to this norm is the documentary *The War and Peace of Tim O'Brien*. O'Brien, of course, is the standing godfather of American war literature, author of modern classics *The Things They Carried* and *Going After Cacciato*, and more recently, the memoir *Dad's Maybe Book*. In the documentary, he's presented as a literary lion looking back on his life and career, but there's a real dynamism at work, too, which is a testament to the role he continues to occupy for generations of readers spellbound by his meditations on war and memory.

The result is a tremendous, multidimensional film, one that deserves the wide audience and critical acclaim coming its way. There are three primary reasons for the crispness to this documentary, to my mind: one, that O'Brien, unlike so many of his contemporaries, remains a fixture in American classrooms and our understanding of foreign conflict; two, the open access O'Brien and his family provides the film crew; and three, the narrative





thrust of the documentary has grounding in the active present—O’Brien’s pursuit of one last book, a race against time and through the obstacles of everyday life.

“We tend to want artists to be these unencumbered geniuses with no families, no money worries, etc.,” director Aaron Matthews wrote me in an email. “O’Brien is encumbered. A lot of people can relate [to that.] So I trusted that if I followed Tim and his family around with a camera, a compelling story would emerge. And it did.”

One of the great strengths of O’Brien’s creative work has been how he connects the past with the present, memory with the future, storytelling with reality. (“The thing about a story is that you dream it as you tell it, hoping that others might then dream along with you ... memory and imagination and language combine to make spirits in the head,” he wrote in “The Lives of the Dead,” in *The Things They Carry*.) One of the most powerful scenes in *The War and Peace of Tim O’Brien* occurs in the author’s study, as he reads through emails exchanged with men from his infantry platoon in Vietnam. Talk turns to a junior officer O’Brien served with, a man who collected Viet Cong ears and the like.

Those familiar with O’Brien’s books have seen this man in various forms. He was cruel and committed to his wartime cruelty. O’Brien is kind. So, some 50 years after they walked paddy fields and jungle trails together, O’Brien wonders if his writing made this man’s postwar life harder. It’s wrenching and human in a way most literature never attains, let alone conversations about literature.

According to Matthews, he was rebuffed when he first approached O’Brien, now 74, with his idea for the documentary. But he persisted, and about a year later, O’Brien and his family agreed. Production began in January 2016, and filming continued through late 2019. The result is not a valentine to a great writer, but a layered chronicle of a man’s life, a man who happens to be a great writer. It documents the tedium of trying to write a good book that matters. It also captures O’Brien’s many public readings and speeches, his fascination with magic and illusion, a nasty bout with pneumonia and family squabbles—with O’Brien chain-smoking through it all. O’Brien’s family—wife Meredith and teenage sons Timmy

and Tad—know when he’s elsewhere, his mind still mired in his work. And he can’t help it. It’s who he is; it’s what he does. He fights it as best he can. But he’s a writer, and no writer worth their salt can ever fully embrace the moment.

Though associated with war writing, and a huge inspiration for my generation of military veterans—the documentary shows this in real-time with vets and fresh recruits showing up in droves to meet him—O’Brien has long considered himself a “peace writer” rather than a “war writer.” Some piece of him still remains a reluctant draftee considering what the true choice of courage is: to go fight in Vietnam or dash across the border to Canada in protest.

Without spoiling the particulars of the scene, there’s a point in the film where O’Brien ponders whether the country he

“This is the only book I’ve ever read!” I think that breaks his heart, when he hears that. But not as much as hearing that soldiers decided to join the military after reading *TTTC*. Like almost everything else with Tim, it’s complicated. Even the unadulterated joy people feel for him and his work is never just easy adulation.”

Speaking of war and memory, here’s one of my favorites: Tim, Iraq vet and writer Eric McMillan and myself on a porch at the Sewanee Writers’ Conference in Tennessee. It’s high summer in 2019, and cicadas are sounding out in force. We’ve all had a few, and it’s getting near time to head off to bed. The question of “war writer” comes up, as a label, as an idea, as a condemnation.

O’Brien laughs in his chair and lights up another cigarette, the flame licking against the black of a deep Southern night. “It’ll

“O’BRIEN’S NOT AN ACTIVIST, BUT THERE’S A STRAIN OF RADICAL TRUTH-TELLING IN HIS WORK THAT DEMANDS READERS AND CITIZENS NOT LOOK AWAY FROM THE WARS—AND THE RAVAGES THEREIN—BEING CARRIED OUT IN OUR COLLECTIVE NAME.”

loves has forgotten how to pursue peace. If so, does that mean his life’s work has failed? O’Brien’s not an activist, but there’s a strain of radical truth-telling in his work that demands readers and citizens not look away from the wars—and the ravages therein—being carried out in our collective name. The conversation O’Brien has with the camera on this is sorrowful, damning and captivating, all at once.

“Those book signings were intense,” Matthews recounted in his email. “I was exhausted for Tim. People line up for him like he’s a rock star. They want a piece of him, whether that’s in the form of an autograph, a handshake or a photo. And he obliges.”

Did anything surprise Matthews at these events?

“I wasn’t prepared for the number of young people who told Tim with glee,

follow you guys your entire writing lives,” he said, regret and humor packed in his words. “People will find war in your stuff whether you put it in there or not.”

He takes a drag. “Vonnegut told me the same thing back when. He was right.”

The War and Peace of Tim O’Brien brims with wisdom and grace like that in every scene, every conversation. You’ll feel like you’re having a beer with him on a porch, talking about that time Kurt Vonnegut passed along a pithy bit of advice that carries endless multitudes in it. I can’t recommend it enough. It’s available now everywhere you rent and buy movies. More information can be found at timobrienfilm.com. **i**

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of three books, including the novel Empire City.

ROCK SOLID

WRESTLING LEGEND DWAYNE “THE ROCK” JOHNSON HAS NOT ONLY SKYROCKETED TO THE TOP OF THE HOLLYWOOD HEAP—HE’S BECOME A SOCIAL MEDIA SUPERSTAR

FIFTEEN years ago, the world was already smelling what The Rock was cooking—and couldn’t get enough of it. During his conversation with *Penthouse* in October 2006, Dwayne Johnson displayed his charisma, sense of humor and showbiz smarts as he discussed his role in the video game *Spy Hunter* and his burgeoning acting career. But since then, the WWE legend has amassed an impressive movie resume, with films that have raked in more than \$10.5 billion worldwide at the box office, making him one of the globe’s highest-grossing actors—and the most followed American on Instagram.

His eyebrow-raising success has included him starring in and producing the hit HBO series *Ballers*, appearing in the *Fast & Furious* and *Jumanji* franchises and taking a musical turn in Disney’s *Moana* as bombastic demigod Maui, among other successful projects. And his eventful life has even inspired the sitcom *Young Rock*, which was recently renewed for a second season on NBC.

Now 49, the gregarious star is larger than life at six-foot-four and a reported 260 pounds of muscle, but he’s earned a spot as one of pop culture’s most endearing personalities—thanks in no small part to his Instagram account @therock.

In his picture-packed posts, Johnson demonstrates how he maintains his impressive physique, dishes about his movie work and business projects, gives heartwarming insights into his personal life and delivers encouraging messages.

With 244 million followers, he’s the most popular actor on the platform, only coming in second to Portuguese soccer star Cristiano Ronaldo (@cristiano) but topping “God Is a Woman” singer Ariana Grande (@arianagrande).

When the California-born performer surpassed the impressive 200 million mark in October 2020, he expressed his gratitude, telling fans he was “humbled” by their support.

Piper Kerman, author of *Orange Is the New Black*, wrote about The Rock’s universal appeal, calling him a “uniter, not a divider.”

His incredible popularity has even sparked chatter that he may launch a bid for the White House one day.

When asked about a potential presidential run during an interview earlier this year on *Today*, The Rock admitted, “I do have that goal to unite our country, and I also feel that if this is what the people want, then I will do that.”

He added, “If the time comes where there is a good amount of people who want to see that happen, then I’m going to consider it.”

The self-described “political independent and centrist,” who threw his weight behind Joe Biden and Kamala Harris in 2020, didn’t elaborate on what party he might possibly represent or give any sort of time frame. But The Rock’s remarks followed him sharing a poll on social media, which revealed 46 percent of those surveyed said they’d consider casting their vote for him as commander in chief.

In his post about the poll, The Rock wrote: “I don’t think our Founding Fathers EVER envisioned a six-four, bald, tattooed, half-Black, half-Samoan, tequila drinking, pick up truck driving, fanny pack wearing guy joining their club—but if it ever happens it’d be my honor to serve you, the people.”

With all he’s achieved so far, there’s little reason to doubt The Rock could successfully make the leap from the squared circle to the Oval Office. **1**



MANYVIDS

VARIETY IS KEY



THE GIRLS OF



MANYVIDS



MANYVIDS ROSIE REED

Rosie Reed is an alluring, leggy 5'9" independent fetish POV producer, with a penchant for teasing and seduction. Her body is a fetish fan's dream with her deep brown eyes, supple booty and perky tits. Along with a sensual voice that drives fans crazy, these lend to her mass appeal in the online adult amateur clip market. Rosie stuns viewers with her commitment to making their wildest fantasies reality, all from the comfort of their homes. With Rosie, you can unleash your deepest desires.



TRUCICI

I'm the one they call "Floss Boss." I'm a 4'11" nerdy Filipina with Rapunzel-like hair, who likes anime and fitness.

But I'm also an entrepreneur, gamer and part-time Pokémon—or so I wish! My full-time job consists of content creation, modeling and social media management/marketing, and I absolutely adore it!

I love to laugh and smile. I want to liberate as many people as possible from social norms, and show them what it means to be truly happy.

My social media journey began with the hope to model like my idols. Since 2019, it's been an honor to be called someone's "inspiration," when I'm simply doing what I love: creating cringe TikTok dances, collecting dildos, getting paid to be naked, enjoying FOODZ and playing video games with my followers.

The world is my oyster. ;)





 MANYVIDS

SCARLET CHASE

I first started in the adult industry purely because I love everything to do with being an exhibitionist! The risk of being caught when filming in public and being watched by strangers are my biggest turn-ons. My partner, Elic, and I right from the beginning were very sexually open and would often film our sex and make creative videos just for ourselves to enjoy, until one day we decided to see if we'd like sharing them with the world. So we uploaded our first adult video in late 2016, which was one of the most exciting and best things we ever did! The experience wasn't without its fair share of ups and downs, though, due to our family and people close to us not sharing the same views.

We took quite some time away from the industry. However, overcoming all of that, we came back and started uploading again in 2020, and now make online adult content full-time and couldn't be more proud and happy of the content we create and the industry we are in. It provides an artistic outlet that allows me to portray my creativity through sexual expression and show the world it's OK to be different and have unorthodox interests and fetishes. This has led to creating a mission for myself to help empower others locally and to the far reaches of the world, letting them know that it's OK to be sexual and empower your own and other's individualism. I've grown so much, not only as an individual. I've also grown a stronger relationship with my partner and have learned to take risks, be proud and do what makes me happy—which for me is sharing my dirty little fetishes with like-minded kinky people.





 **MANYVIDS**

REYA SUNSHINE

I love being an adult content creator! It's fulfilling to have control over the work I create and the success of my brand. Utilizing both social media and adult platforms, I've grown a large fan base and successful business. I'm also super honored to have recently won the XBIZ Awards Clip Artist of the Year and ManyVids Vid of the Year!

Having had a strict Christian upbringing, I was heavily shamed for any sexual behavior and masturbation.

I had internalized that there was something wrong with me for wanting to experience pleasure. Now I see how ridiculous that was, and I embrace my work as a way to reclaim my sexuality and wholeness as a human. Encouraging others to shed their shame around sex has become a passion of mine and gives my work greater meaning.



BROOKE WOODS

Hi, I'm Brooke Woods! I'm a busty 29-year-old from Canada. Despite my innocent face, I have an extremely naughty side that only a certain part of the internet knows about.

I'm a model and NSFW adult content creator, and I have been making and producing my own videos for three years! I love making adult content for others to enjoy.

The best part about being a NSFW content creator is that I get to connect with so many people around the world! I also love that I get to dress up in sexy outfits and show off.

When I'm not making naughty videos, I'm usually reading, hiking or watching self-help videos on YouTube. I hope to be a psychologist someday, but for now I'm enjoying creating XXX content and being on ManyVids.



AUBREYDIAMOND

I'm AubreyDiamondX, and I absolutely love what I do! I'm a full-time camgirl and content creator—but I actually got my start working at a Penthouse gentlemen's club!

You can always find me in a great, bubbly mood, while I'm being really naughty! Summer is my favorite time of year for having fun and especially tanning topless.

I've had two breast augmentations, and I'm now a 34DD. I am very "plastic" positive. Many girls seem to hide that they've had surgeries. Well, I embrace it! I love making myself look great for me first, and if my fans like it, then that is just a bonus! I don't want to overdo the surgeries, and become super fake, but I do embrace the look. I love connecting with my fans! I get so many DMs and there's only one of me, but I do my best to respond to as many as possible.





POSE FOR

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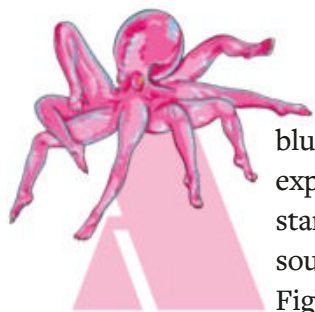
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DIFFERENT
STROKES
FOR
DIFFERENT
FOLKS

EXPLORING THE PERVERSE POP ART OF HEY WEEIRDO





blue Furby-like character exposes her breasts as she stares into the viewer's soul, while at Clown Fight Club, a blonde clown gives a mega-wedgie to her big-footed redheaded clown opponent, and a gangbang of deviant dolphins in strap-ons nonchalantly surrounds an orgasmic shark. This is the surreal, sexually charged perverse pop art of artist Amie Wee—more commonly known online as Hey Weeirdo.

How would you describe your art?

Colorful monstrosities that blur the line between delicious and disgusting. I like to think I create lovingly ludicrous illustrations that are difficult, but not impossible, to masturbate to.

What's your artistic background?

I don't have any formal training. I never went to any school to learn how to draw big-breasted Furbies, funnily enough. I've always been very creative, fascinated by porn and had a disturbingly colorful imagination. I actually studied theater at university, and on the side, I also produce and MC a popular perverted theater show in Sydney, Australia, called Rule 34 Club.

Where did the name Hey Weeirdo come from?

I had all these funny and filthy ideas that I wanted to see as illustrations, so I bought a Wacom tablet and taught myself to draw. Hey Weeirdo was intended just as a scrapbook for my ideas, but the more I drew, the more random internet strangers started asking to buy my work. So I built a website and started offering prints and stickers. Somehow, drawing lesbian clowns giving each other wedgies and pin-up horse girls became not only a creative outlet, but a full-fledged business.

What inspires your art?

Porn, lesbians, kink, the concept of Rule 34 [an internet-spawned maxim that claims online porn exists for every conceivable topic], John Waters films and vintage porn magazines. I've spent the

last 13 years working behind the scenes of the Australian and New Zealand porn industries as a writer, graphic designer, image retoucher and video editor, and my work is hugely inspired by my thoughts and experiences. My illustrations are essentially twisted and surreal reimaginings of the things I've seen or fantasized about while working in the adult sphere.

Do you ever get the artist's equivalent of writer's block?

Not really. It's funny actually. I'm also a writer, and I constantly suffer with hardcore bouts of writer's block. In general, I find writing to be such a mental slog. Drawing is different. I usually find I have too many ideas. I think it helps that I keep a lengthy document on my phone, where I jot down random ideas and inspirations as I have them. I call it my Rolodex of Filth. Then when I sit down to draw, I have a whole bunch of themes and ideas to bounce off as a starting point.

What are the last few things you wrote on that list?

"Custard is an activity best shared with friends" and "hot sharks wearing braces." I try not to overanalyze my ideas ... Ha!

What drives you to draw?

I find the drawing process totally meditative. I just usually throw something on Netflix or play some inspiring tunes and get lost in the lines. I enjoy the whole process—from conceptualizing the idea, to finishing it and sharing it. The most satisfying moment, though, is seeing a completed outline on the page, ready to be colored.

Who would you say your art is for?

Definitely myself. Whenever I try to force a drawing for someone else or because I think I should draw it, it always turns out like shit. People with a sense of humor and a dirty mind are generally drawn to my work. Men tell me they experience confused boners over my art, while women tell me they identify with some of the characters.

How has your art evolved?

I've definitely become technically better over time. At first, I was drawing in Photoshop using my computer mouse. I would sit there for hours clicking and creating hundreds of layers upon layers. It was tedious. When I got a tablet, it changed the game. My lines were sharper, and I was able to include more details while working faster.

What's with all the dolphins?

Honestly, I started drawing dolphin heads at first because it was easier than drawing human faces.

Do you ever struggle with censorship?

Every single day. Instagram does not want to play when it comes to sharks getting nailed by dolphins or a giant cockroach wearing a strap-on. I try to censor my images a bit for Instagram, and I post the explicit versions on my Patreon. But I'm aware that one day my account will probably just disappear due to militant censorship.

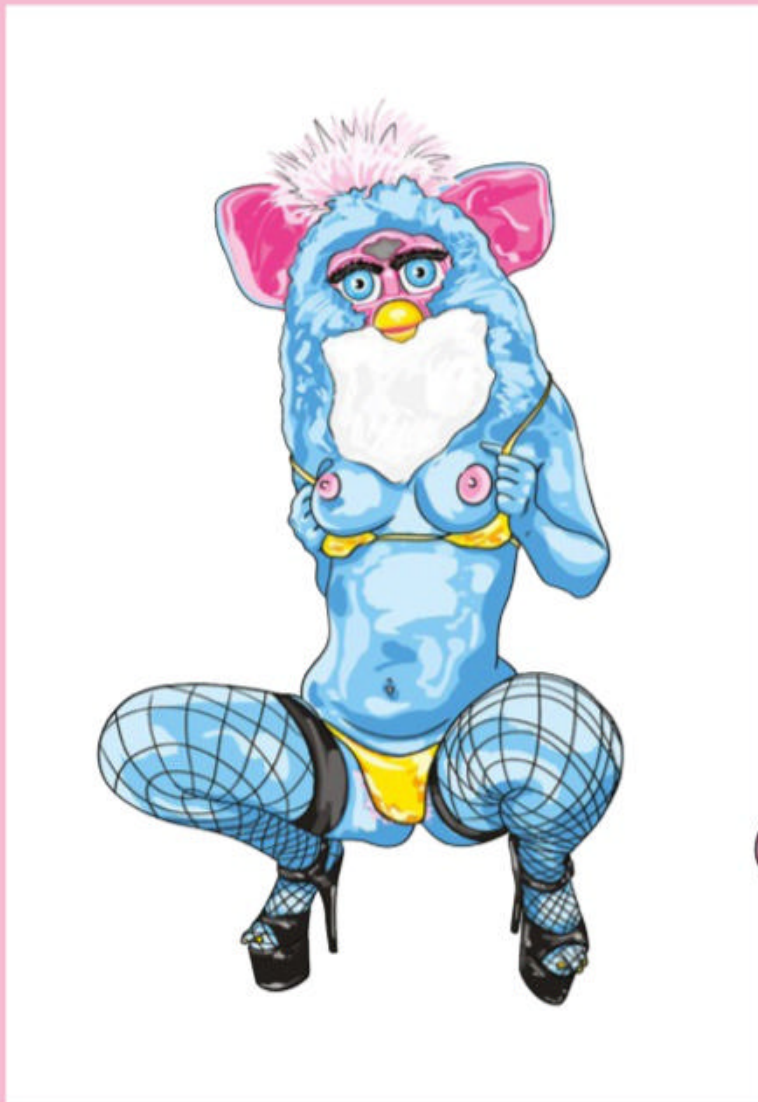
What's been the best feedback you've received?

A person on Reddit once shared one of my pieces and wrote, "Not my proudest fap." I still laugh when I think about that. It was certainly a proud moment for me. I also get an alarming amount of comparisons to being the perverted version of *BoJack Horseman*, which I've still yet to watch. Every time I hear that, I feel like I should write my own cartoon.

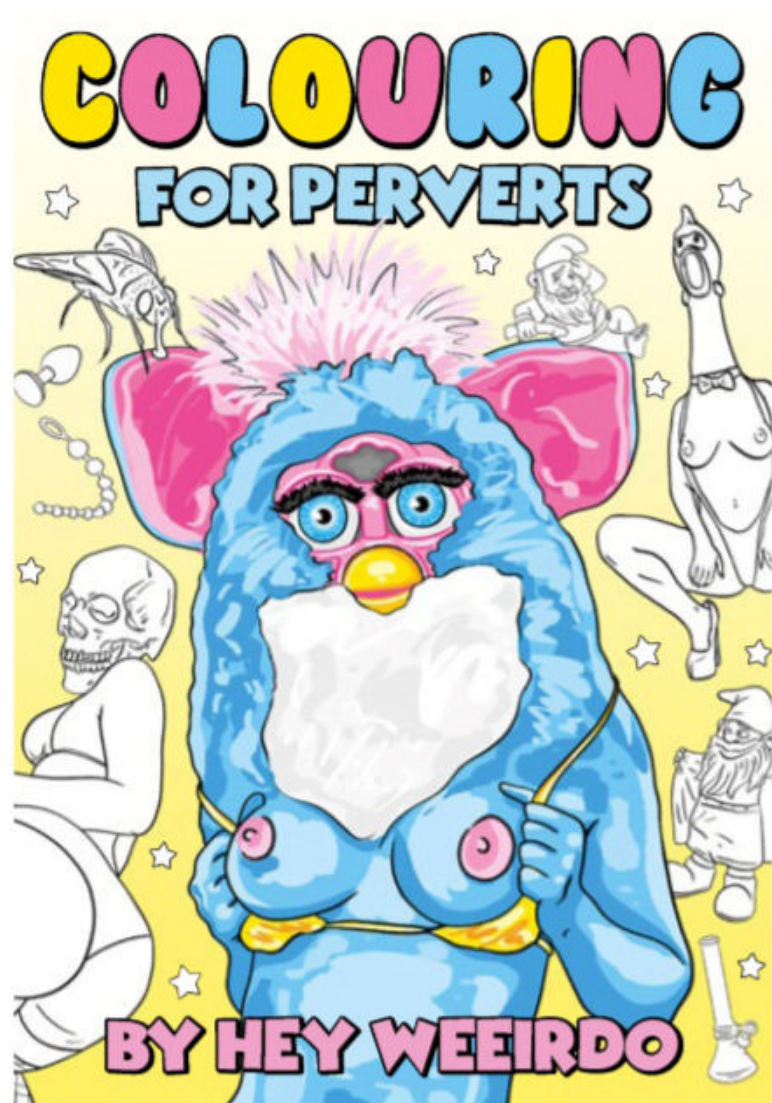
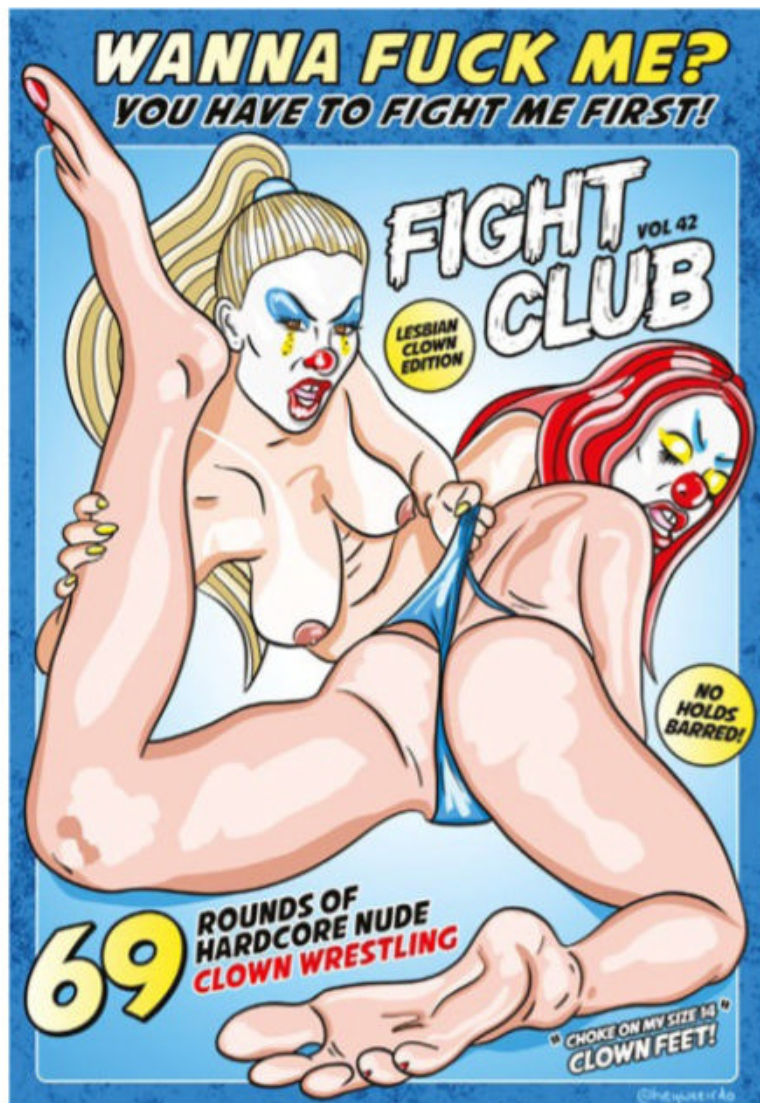
What are your career highlights?

Hands down, whenever someone gets one of my drawings tattooed on their body, it makes me laugh out loud. A special shout-out in particular to the guy who got a tattoo of the lesbian dolphins sharing a fish vibrator. Plus, having "Penthorse" being published in *Penthouse* is as surreal as it gets. 🐙

WEBSITE: heyweeirdo.com
 INSTAGRAM: [@heyweeirdo](https://www.instagram.com/heyweeirdo)
 PATREON: [@heyweeirdo](https://www.patreon.com/heyweeirdo)















JULY PET OF THE MONTH

Babe in Wonderland



SKY WONDERLAND

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR
@GERALDDEBEHR

STUNNING Sky Wonderland is a petite beauty who's anything but short on talent! Our July Penthouse Pet stands at five-foot-four with curves in all the right places, and her smoldering brown eyes and pouty lips leave us mesmerized. The 20-year-old California cutie has amassed a loyal following with her revealing work on OnlyFans, but she's also not shy about showing her playful side on social media. When our newly minted Pet isn't posing for the camera, Sky attends college classes and works as a pet-sitter. "I absolutely love animals and have a blast spending time with them," the former equestrian tells *Penthouse*.
Read on to learn more about this angelic model and her devilish side.





What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
I skinny-dipped in a public pool!

When you're dating someone new, when and how do you know if you want to have sex with them?
I know when I want to have sex with someone almost immediately because I'm a very sexual person. I'll know if we're a good match after just a few conversations. By then, I can tell if we connect on a certain level.

Describe your ideal guy.
My perfect man would be more than six feet tall, have straight, white teeth and be buff with a ton of tattoos. He'd be charming, polite, honest, loving, confident and have a sense of humor. He'd also be into kinky sex. And he'd have to have a soft spot for animals, like me.

Describe your first on-camera sex experience.
I was nervous at first, but being on camera motivated me to put on a show—and I ended up loving it!

What do you consider romantic?
Candles, dim lights, a bubble bath and sensual touching.

What's the most remarkable sexual experience you've ever had?
Once I was blindfolded and completely tied up. I didn't know what to expect or what was going to happen next, and it was superhot! 🍆

MEASUREMENTS: 30C-25-31
HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, Calif.
INSTAGRAM: @skyinwonderlandx
TWITTER: @skyinwonderlan
WEBSITE: onlyfans.com/skyinwonderland





Sky
Wonderland
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AUGUST PET OF THE MONTH

MY CHERIE AMOUR



CHERIE NOEL

PHOTOGRAPHER
TINA LOU







CHERIE NOEL

SUN-KISSED Cherie Noel knows how to turn up the heat. We're eagerly drinking in the sight of August's Penthouse Pet, but the blonde bombshell still leaves us thirsting for more. Fortunately, the bubbly beauty can't get enough of flaunting her fabulous curves. She's the ultimate summer fantasy, a sexy siren whose call is irresistible. The hazel-eyed hottie calls posing for the camera her "dream job" and has long been a model for the fashion company GUESS. Read on and learn more about this beach-loving babe.

What was your first job?

I worked at a baseball stadium in my hometown, but I got fired for dating one of the players. Well, my boss did give me a choice. I could have ended the relationship and kept my job—but of course, I picked the guy.

What qualities do you like most about yourself?

Definitely my outgoing personality. I'm really sociable and enjoy making people laugh and smile. I think I'm easy to approach because random people always start talking to me.

When you're going to be photographed in the nude, how do you get in the right mood?

I've always been really open and OK with nudity all my life. I love the work of artists like photographer Helmut Newton. Sometimes I'm more relaxed when I'm nude than when I'm clothed. I feel like my natural self, and not like I'm posing, like I do with fashion shoots.

What is one of your pet peeves?

Probably when a man doesn't wear underwear. Once I was working out with a guy who was wearing basketball shorts, and I saw way too much.

What do you consider kinky?

Having someone tie you up is pretty kinky. That's my favorite fantasy. There's something exciting about being vulnerable during sex. **1**

AGE: 30

MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-27-32

HOMETOWN: Beacon, N.Y.

TWITTER: @Cherienoel

INSTAGRAM: @Cherienoel

WEBSITE: Cherienoel.com

Cherie
Noel
XOXO















“I LOVE A
GOOD KISSER.”

—CHERIE





OUR
READERS'
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SEXCAPADES
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TO LIFE

PENTHOUSE
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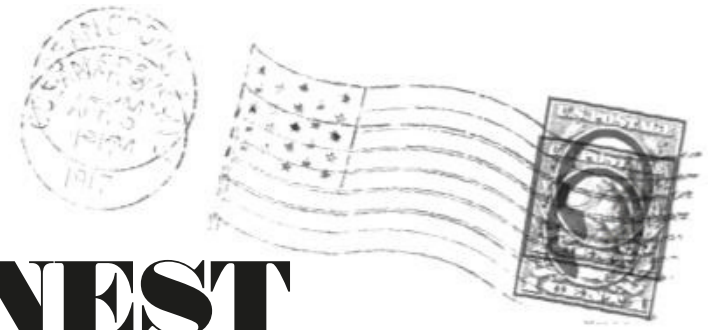
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FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

HERE COMES THE SUNNY

RIGHT after college graduation, my buddy Curtis and I flew to Boston from Los Angeles and headed up to Maine and Vermont, then back down the East Coast to New York City. We had arrangements to fly from the Big Apple to London, then on to the continent, where we'd spend a few months.

While in New York, we stayed at a hotel close by the home of my godmother, Maribel. She lived in a spacious apartment in Greenwich Village. Tall, elegant and always impeccably dressed—Maribel epitomized sophistication. She was the person I'd think of every time I heard the word "intelligentsia." But she wasn't stuffy or staid. Whenever she entertained at her apartment, the wine flowed incessantly, as did the laughter.

For years, Maribel'd had a female companion, but when their relationship fell apart, she began a romantic friendship with a male colleague named Cal, who was at least 10 years her junior. She surrounded herself with accomplished people: filmmakers, composers, performers and the like.

Curtis had majored in political science, and Maribel was a published historian, so I'd figured there'd be a good connection between them. I was correct. They hit it off right from the start.

Near the end of our Manhattan stopover, there was a Saturday-night soiree in honor of Curtis and myself, to which Maribel had invited her most interesting friends. Soon after our arrival, I found myself talking with a theatrical set designer, while—across the room—Curtis conversed with a gallery owner and his wife. Then, when the party was well into its second hour, she arrived.

She was called Sunny—though the name wasn't exactly apt. Her hair was dark, her skin pale and her smile not beaming but wry. She was 30ish—a stage actress,

who'd also done some indie films. She was only a bit over five feet tall with wondrous curves, which she showed off in a tight, wine-colored dress. I'd hoped that being of the theater world she'd drift over toward the set designer, allowing me to meet her. But she initially made a beeline for the gallery owner, his wife—and Curtis.

"Are you the godson?" I heard her ask my pal.

"Jim? No. He's over there," Curtis replied as he gestured toward me.

She waved at me, mouthing, "Hello, Jim!" Soon, she came over and introduced herself.

"We finally meet," she said, pulling me into a loose embrace. "Maribel has done nothing but rave about her 'Jim-bug' since she heard you were stopping here on your way to the grand European tour!"

She then greeted the set designer, who she appeared to know. After a bit of chatting, she headed off again, going straight to the drink table in the kitchen.

At that point, my godmother scooped me up to introduce me to more of her friends. They were a fascinating lot. However, I could think of nothing but the stunningly sexy Sunny.

Another hour passed, much of which I spent talking with Maribel's guy, Cal. I kept glancing over to the corner where Sunny and Curtis huddled together on a loveseat, laughing and talking.

Goddamn it. He was doing it again.

In our junior year in college I'd been seeing a girl named Eva. Things were just getting serious between us. Then we'd had a quarrel, and before it could be resolved, Eva and Curtis wound up sleeping together. Now, there he was schmoozing with Sunny. Women couldn't seem to resist his dark wavy hair, disarming smile and stupid fucking dimples.

I'm not unattractive, but a chick magnet I am not.

I knocked back more drinks than

I should have that night. At one point, I even locked myself in the bathroom, attempting to tamp down my exasperation.

As the party wound down, I looked for Curtis, but he'd disappeared. So had Sunny. Maribel told me Curtis had bid her good night, but she hadn't seen Sunny leave. I went back to the hotel, swallowed two aspirin and went to bed.

I woke close to noon with only a mild hangover. Curtis's bed had not been slept in. I went out, got coffee and a bagel, and bought the *Sunday New York Times*. I breakfasted alone, reading on a bench in Washington Square Park. When I went back to the hotel an hour later, Curtis was napping on his bed, fully dressed.

"Hey," he said, his voice drowsy.

"I thought you'd died and gone to hell."

He stretched like an awakening cat and asked, "Why'd you leave the party early?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You disappeared around midnight."

"Bullshit," I said. "I was there until after one o'clock."

"Maybe you were in the bathroom or something," he said, sitting up. "I looked everywhere."

"Where did you stay last night?"

"Who are you? My mommy?"

"You went home with Sunny, didn't you?"

He smiled, then fell back on the bed and did his cat-stretch thing again.

"She's amazing," he crowed.

"Jesus."

"It's always a sunny day when you've had a Sunny night." He smiled.

"Fuck you, Curt. Anytime I have my eye on somebody, there you are."

He rolled his eyes and said, "How was I supposed to know you liked her?"

I glowered at him.

"Look, Jim, Sunny is a beautiful person. A beautiful sexual being. Yeah, we fucked. As a matter of fact, I fucked her in the ass—if you want to be crude about it.

And it was ...” His voice trailed off teasingly.

“Was what?”

His eyes rolled upward as he searched for just the right word, then he finally sighed: “Transcendent.”

Just as I was saying, “Oh, go fuck yourself,” his cell phone rang.

“It’s her,” he announced. He went into the bathroom and locked the door. I sat on my bed with my eyes closed until he came out again.

“She got comp tickets from that set designer guy for a three o’clock matinee,” he said. “Some Eugene O’Neill-like thing.”

“Good. I don’t want to be around you now.”

“No, you stupid motherfucker. She got a ticket for you, too.”

When we met Sunny at the playhouse, she was all sweet and breezy. Dressed in a black cotton dress, she wrapped her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek. Her manner was warm and overfamiliar—as if she’d fucked me the night before instead of my friend.

But the show—a few one-act plays set in wharf saloons and on the high seas—was so good it kept my mind off Curtis and Sunny. The only theater I’d seen lately had been crummy college stuff. It was terrific seeing actors who knew what they were doing.

We went to a diner for a bite afterward, and as the three of us sat there, I once again found myself in Sunny’s thrall. She wanted to know about me, my family, my education, the upcoming “European tour.” She was playful. Flirtatious. A slut she may have been, but she was an engaging one.

We lingered at the diner. The three of us shared a big slice of red velvet cake and drank flutes of prosecco. At one point, the conversation came to a lull, and she just sat there with that droll smile of hers, her eyes glancing back and forth between the two of us. She cut off a tiny bite of the cake with her fork and put it to her mouth.

“I love red velvet, don’t you?” she said. “I gravitate toward cake.”

“It’s very good,” I said.

“Such a lovely afternoon. Here in the Village with two handsome young men.”

Curtis and I sat stone-still, unsure of where she was taking things.

“Jim-bug,” she said. “Your friend Curtis and I had a lovely time last night, but all the while, I was thinking about how I hadn’t been able to spend any quality time with you.”

A silence fell then that was beyond uncomfortable.

“Both of you are sweetcakes, yourself and ... fizzier than prosecco,” she said finally. “What would you say to spending a little time together back at your hotel? Just the three of us. No strings attached?”

I’m sure I must’ve been sporting a dazed look.

“Oh, good,” said Sunny. “I don’t hear any nays.”

I started to speak, but Curtis cut me off.

“Damn it, Jim,” he said under his breath.

“If you say no to this, I’ll never speak to you again.” He sounded serious.

“I took her nipple between my lips and slowly swirled my tongue around it.”

I kept my mouth shut, for once.

Even back at our hotel room, I wasn’t convinced anything would happen.

Fortunately, maid service had tidied our room that afternoon, so the place was not a total wreck. Sunny went into the bathroom, while Curtis and I sat on our respective beds. I glared at him; he smirked at me.

I just about had a stroke when Sunny came out of the bathroom dressed in only a lacy black bra and panties. Her face was flushed from the prosecco, but her arms and taut belly were creamy white. As she moved, my eyes traveled from her tiny dent of a navel to her fit ass, in all of its firm, rounded splendor.

“I didn’t want to damage my dress,” she said. “In the heat of the moment, things can get torn.”

Her legs were flawless—without birthmark or blemish.

“Why are you boys in your own corners

of the ring?” she teased. “It’s not a prizefight, ya know.”

She sat next to me on the bed, putting one hand lightly on my shoulder. Then she reached up to stroke my hair. A finger twirled one lock into a loop.

“You have such soft hair,” she told me. Her lips moved to mine to kiss me ever so gently. My heart raced as my nervousness morphed into arousal.

We fell back on the bed, feeding on each other’s mouth. She caressed my neck and arm, then her fingers interlocked with mine as she squeezed my hand gently. We lay perfectly still for several moments.

“Don’t be shy over there, Curtis,” she said softly. “This is a big bed.”

I heard him clear his throat. My eyes were closed, but I felt his shadow pass over us as he came our way.

Sunny sat up. She unbuttoned my shirt, slowly but unhesitatingly. Her face moved to my partially bared chest. She nuzzled it with her lips and cheeks. Then she resumed the unbuttoning.

I sat up, bracing myself with my arms. Curtis sat shirtless on the other side of Sunny. He ran a finger along her back, then moved his hand to the elastic of her panties, which he pulled partway down. Her magnificent ass was even paler than the rest of her body. She must have spent some time at a beach in a bikini or something equally skimpy.

“Yes, let’s get rid of all these bothersome clothes,” Sunny said.

Curtis yanked her panties the rest of the way off. My God, what beautiful buttocks that woman had! She may have been a New York City actress who lived in a high-rise building with a doorman and elevator, but she had the muscled buns of a Montana mountain climber.

“You’re so ...” I was suddenly tongue-tied.

“I’m so what?” she prompted.

“Toned.”

“Dance classes,” she said. “Three times a week. Gotta keep up with the new batch of ingénues the universities keep pumping out year after year.”

I stood and removed my unbuttoned shirt. I watched Curtis unhook Sunny’s bra. Like her bottom, her breasts were ivory white. Her shockingly pink nipples



PHOTOGRAPHER: SEBASTIAN

looked succulent, as if in need of a mouth—maybe two mouths.

Curtis, however, skipped the nipples and went straight for her pussy, which had a bristly little nest of dark, close-cropped hair adorning it, like a cozy sort of welcome mat. He knelt on the floor while she sprawled on her back on the bed. He was already familiar with her body, of course. He kissed her vulva, then flicked his tongue lightly over her clit. She began breathing deeply and more quickly.

As Curt continued with his oral agenda, I sat down and began kissing her again. But it was none of that soft, dry kissing. I smashed my wet mouth onto hers. Our tongues dueled, and I felt the vibrations from her throat as she moaned.

Curt had apparently been a fast learner the night before. He seemed to know just what to do with his mouth and tongue to bring Sunny to the very edge of orgasm. He would take her to the brink and then back off. For a few moments I pulled my mouth away from hers, watching his workmanlike skills as a cunt-muncher. When it came to pussy-eating, he was a natural.

“This is torture,” Sunny said, sounding a little desperate.

“You want me to stop?” asked Curt.

“Fuck no, I don’t want you to stop!”

I sat back and watched as he brought her even closer to release. It was a cruel game of cat and mouse, but she reveled in it. The next time he had the audacity to back off, she sat up and pushed him away. She looked at him, then at me.

“Why are you two still wearing pants?” she demanded. She crawled to the head of the bed and sat back to watch as we dropped trou.

Show pony that he was, Curtis had gone commando that day. Once he’d shucked his pants and socks, he was bare-ass naked. He stood at the foot of the bed with his uncircumcised cock jutting out, fully erect. My cut dick was completely engorged, too, but it was still encased in my boxer briefs.

“Go over and stand by him,” she told me. “And take the damn underpants off. I want to see what’s on the menu.” She fingered her clit as she spoke.

I did as I was told. Curt and I stood together before Sunny as she sat on the bed. Three naked people.

She took Curt’s cock in one hand and mine in the other. She ran her hands lightly over them. A bead of pre-come had materialized at my dick slit. She scooped it up with one finger and placed it on the tip of her tongue to savor it.

“You two are so beautiful, but so different,” she said as she gently played with our ball sacs. “One hairy man, one smoothie.”

It was true. Curtis was hirsute, and I was sleek except for dabs of hair at my crotch and armpits.

“Can’t we all just get along, now?” she said. She spoke playfully, but with a hint

“I sat back, spent, as Curt screwed Sunny, bringing both her and himself to orgasm.”

of chastisement. She must’ve sensed the tension between us. “You two are going to be traveling together for months. If you quarrel with each other all the time, the female population of Europe is going to be pretty damn annoyed with the two of you—and likely with America in general.”

I looked over at Curtis, who was laughing softly.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell this dumb fuck all day,” he said.

Instead of arguing, I sat on the bed and kissed one of Sunny’s breasts. I took her nipple between my lips and slowly swirled my tongue around it. Soon Curtis was at her other side, feasting on her other gorgeous tit. After a minute or so of that treatment, Sunny pushed us both to our backs. She proceeded to take turns sucking our aching hard-ons. I’d had some decent blowjobs in the past, but none of my previous sex partners had been so adroit at cocksucking. She took my boner

to the hilt in no time flat.

After a while, the three of us seemed to realize simultaneously that it was time to ascend to the next step.

Curtis reached into the pocket of his discarded pants and tossed a handful of rubbers on the bed. I took one and suited up. I looked over at Curt. He hadn’t yet removed his condom from its wrapper. He seemed to be waiting for me to make a move.

I’d never before made love to anyone with someone else watching, let alone a friend. I feared my cock might wilt, but it didn’t. No way on Earth that could have happened, as aroused as I was. I fucked Sunny in missionary position. It was a snug but easy fit as she was, fortunately, wet with excitement. I was surprised to hear Curt urging me on: “Yeah, Jimbo. Fuck that pussy.” When I came, I was shocked to hear myself moaning loudly.

Then I sat back, spent, as Curt screwed Sunny doggy-style, bringing both her and himself to orgasm. It seemed beyond surreal. But there we all were, and I felt not one pang of jealousy or shame.

Our London flight was set for later the next day, and Curtis and I were to meet Maribel and Cal for a late breakfast before heading to the airport. But we’d cavorted until long after dawn with Sunny, so we were bleary-eyed when we arrived to meet them—at the same diner where we’d eaten with our playmate.

Memories of us DP-ing Sunny earlier that morning—me in her ass and Curt in her snatch—kept coursing through my tired brain.

“You boys look exhausted,” said Cal.

“Are you OK?”

“Late night,” I said.

“Oh, poor Jim-bug,” said Maribel. “I hope that damn fool Sunny didn’t chatter at you boys all night after the show. I’ve tried to keep her in line, but she’s incorrigible.”

And then she winked at me.

Curt told me later that Cal had winked at him at the same time.

Ever since that afternoon, I’ve been trying to figure out just what those winks were supposed to mean.

—J. Werner



PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE MORE'S THE MERRIER FOR A BUNCH OF HORNY GALS WHO JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH LOVIN'

JUST HER SIZE

LAST week, I walked in on my two roommates arguing over who has the bigger dick. They were making jokes about the size of their hands and feet. Then it progressed to a point where Jay actually went off in search of a measuring tape.

By that point, even I was curious to see whose dick was the biggest. That's when it hit me—the perfect idea to end the competition in a way that would make everyone happy, including me.

When Jay returned, I sidled in between the two playfully indignant men and said, “Boys, this contest requires an impartial judge. Fortunately for you, I'm available.”

I slipped my fingers into each of their waistbands and pulled them both close. “Do you agree to allow me to settle this?”

Jay spoke up first and said, “I'm in.”

“Me, too,” Leo agreed.

“I'm so glad you'll settle this like gentlemen,” I teased, cupping their formidable bulges.

“As the judge, I take my role in this competition very seriously. I'll inspect both members thoroughly, by sight, touch—and taste.”

Their excitement was palpable—literally. I felt both of their dicks stir beneath their jeans.

Leo cocked a brow as he asked, “You're going to blow us both to see whose dick is bigger?”

“Do you have a better idea?” I asked.

He shook his head as he replied, “No. Definitely not.”

“All right then. May the best dick win.” I got on my knees and said, “Gentleman, drop your pants.”

Both men complied, letting their jeans and underwear fall to the floor. While they were busy doing their part, I removed my own T-shirt, leaving my B-cup tits exposed. Their erections were both long and incredibly thick. My mouth watered

as I pondered sucking them off.

I looked back and forth between both men's mammoth members. Choosing seemed impossible. What a delicious problem to have!

Jay's penis pointed upward, giving me an unobstructed view of the thick vein bisecting the underside of his dick.

Leo's cock, on the other hand, was aimed right at me. All I had to do was turn my head to the right and the tip would brush against my lips. So that's what I did. I slid my fist from his base to his tip, luxuriating in the feel of his silken skin.

I parted my lips, opening them just enough to fit Leo's bell-shaped cockhead inside my mouth. My tongue rested

“I swallowed down the rest of Jay's dick, while still managing to jerk off Leo.”

comfortably against his mushroom cap. A salty bead of his pre-come sparked my appetite for more.

My jaw really got a workout when I took the rest of Leo's dick into my mouth. It tapped the back of my throat before I'd made it halfway down his length. Even adding my hand to the mix wasn't enough to cover him entirely.

I closed my eyes and drew in a deep breath, carefully swallowing another inch on an exhale. At one point, I managed to take Leo so deep his balls smacked against my chin.

“Oh, Annie,” he groaned.

“Fuck, I can't wait for my turn,” said Jay.

This was a competition, after all. Being a good judge meant spending equal time with each contestant. That is, equal time

sucking their substantial cocks.

Very slowly, I released Leo's dick from my mouth and pivoted to face Jay. His erection still stood tall and proud. I swept the flat over my tongue up and down his dick, licking him all over. Then just as I did with Leo, I took Jay's crown into my mouth and circled it with my tongue. Jay tasted a little bit different than Leo, but just as pleasing. I swallowed the rest of Jay's dick, while still managing to jerk off Leo. The sounds of unbridled male pleasure flew over my head, urging me on as I worked to make both men come.

More pre-come dribbled from Leo's cock, aiding the movement of my hand as it rode up and down his shaft. But it was time to switch again. This time, I pulled Leo's dick close to my lips before releasing Jay's. That way I could jump from one dick right to the other without delay.

I curled my fingers around the base of Jay's cock before swinging back around to swallow Leo. The combination of Jay's pre-come and my saliva made an amazing lubricant. It was so easy to glide my hand from the base to the tip and back again.

Jay didn't let me keep control for long. While Leo had let me set the pace for his handjob, Jay was absolutely pounding my fist.

“I'd rather this was your mouth,” Jay said.

Having my mouth full of Leo's cock made it difficult to answer him. By that point, Leo had shed his normally reserved nature and revealed an untamed beast I'd never seen before. He wound his fingers through my hair to hold me steady and fucked my face. Leo then tightened his hold on me and tilted my head back. Like magic, my throat opened up and even more of Leo's dick disappeared down my gullet.

“That's it,” Leo grunted. “Take it all.”

Both men seemed to demand my surrender, as if they were working

together toward a new common goal—busting a nut on their roommate.

It was time for me to take the reins again.

I brought both of their dicks together, letting the tips touch, then I absolutely went to town. I swirled my tongue up, down and around both men's dicks, traveling from one to the other over and over again.

On every pass, my lips bumped against the raised ridges of their crowns, briefly disrupting my trip. I repeatedly paused at the point where their dicks met to slither my tongue around both of their cockheads, reveling in my power to drive them crazy.

My hands were in on the action again, too. I cupped each man's balls, teasing their sacs with gentle strokes of my fingers.

That really drove Leo and Jay wild. They were both grunting and groaning.

Jay was so fired up that he grabbed his dick and started jerking himself off while I sucked the tip of his mushroom cap.

"Don't stop," he pleaded from between gritted teeth.

I didn't plan to. This wouldn't be over until Leo and Jay both fell apart.

Jay was definitely the closest to reaching his peak. His balls had grown tight in my hand. Now, when I passed my thumb over them, he let out a strangled groan.

"Finish me, Annie," Jay pleaded. "Suck me dry."

I laid a kiss on the dome of his dick and turned my attention back to Leo, telling Jay, "Soon, I promise."

Then I said to Leo, "You're awfully quiet. Tell me what I can do to make you come, too."

Leo's eyes were shut tight. He might not have been as vocal as Jay, but he was obviously just as affected by my

exceptional oral skills as his friend was.

"Well?" I prompted.

I flicked my tongue across the head of Leo's penis for emphasis.

His hand fell from my head to my shoulder.

"More," was all he managed to say.

Since Jay was handling himself so beautifully, I didn't see any harm in sucking Leo's cock into my mouth one last time.

Relaxing my throat made it easy for him to slide in deep. I made it far past the halfway mark without issue, easily devouring Leo's dick.

"Oh shit," Leo shouted. "Oh fuck!"

That's what I like to hear. Every exclamation was an affirmation. Clearly, I was doing something right.

It also meant I needed to proceed with caution if I wanted to be coated with Leo and Jay's come. With both men rapidly approaching the point of no return, it was



now or never to make my move.

After carefully extricating Leo's cock from my throat, I was ready for the grand finale. Handling both men with the level of care one would show an explosive seconds from detonating, I guided them into place so they both stood before me.

I had them right where I wanted them, and I curled my fingers around each man's cock and stroked them both as fast as I could. At that point, I couldn't have cared less which was the bigger dick. My only concern was making these men spurt all over my face.

When it finally happened, I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. Two streams of hot, salty come collided with my taste buds, one after the other, as I continued to pump their shafts.

Once I was certain that they were both drained of every last drop of jizz, I licked my lips and sat on the floor. There was come on my chest and in my hair, too. They'd frosted me like a hot, sweet cinnamon roll.

I cupped my tits in my hands, spreading the thick, white goo over them like massage oil. I pinned my roommates with a saucy stare as I told them, "I don't think either of you is bigger than the other. In fact, I'd say you're each just right."

—A.K., Canton, Ohio

NEW FRIENDS

SALLY and I decided to open up our marriage four years ago. Both of us were enthusiastic about the idea. But we weren't sure about jumping into the deep end of the swinger pool. We weren't certain we could even handle dog-paddling in the shallow end. We agreed, instead of showing up at so-called lifestyle events or clubs, we would take it slower, looking for one couple in our general vicinity with whom we could meet up privately—two on two.

The internet made that a possibility, but we had some false starts before finding Sheena and Freddy, a smart, sexy, athletic, 30-something Black couple who lived in a city less than 100 miles from our town. We agreed to meet with them one weekend at a resort hotel that was conveniently located between our home

and theirs. How fortunate for us.

It was a fantastic success. We had drinks and dinner with them one Friday night at the hotel's restaurant, and then we went back to their room for what we thought would be same-room sex with our respective partners. That was basically what happened, although there was some touching and oral stuff between couples. But the next night, we got together with them again, and that time we went full swap. What a night that was! It was more than a bit frantic. There I was, fucking the beautifully curvy Sheena doggy-style while watching Sally—who's a tall, slim brunette—sitting astride Freddy's thick cock as if she were riding a bronco in some crazy rodeo.

We got together several times after that—sometimes at their place, sometimes at ours, and occasionally at that hotel where we'd first met up. The variety of sexual adventures we've shared with them has spiced up our lives. But what we hadn't expected was that Freddy and Sheena would become our friends as well as our playmates.

They're veterans of the swinging scene, and they've told us about some of the wild times they've had with orgies and even gangbangs. They didn't exactly push us to think about participating in larger group-sex scenes, but all their sexy talk certainly piqued our interest.

Not long before last year's pandemic lockdowns, we heard from Freddy and Sheena. They had begun playing occasionally with another couple, Greg and Heidi, who they thought we would like. He's a college music professor, and she's an administrator at the school where he works. Sheena forwarded their contact info, so we could make our introductions.

"Sweeties, we'll be happy to make it a six-some if you think we'd all be compatible," she wrote. "P.S.—They're both geniuses when it comes to oral!"

After we saw Greg and Heidi's pictures and began corresponding with them, we had a good feeling. He looked every inch the tweedy, bearded professor, with his dark-rimmed glasses and graying temples. She was a slight, cute blonde

with a pageboy hairstyle, a button nose and rather tantalizing lips. Their correspondence with us was literate and humorous, with a bit of playfully bawdy innuendo.

Before we knew it, we'd arranged another weekend at the hotel where we'd initially met Freddy and Sheena. Yes, all six of us were set for a sexy hookup. Sally and I found our hearts were beating wildly with excitement, just as they had been when we'd set out on our first swinging adventure.

We arrived at the hotel that Friday and went straight to the penthouse bar. Both other couples were already there. I embraced Sheena affectionately and gave her a rather ardent kiss that our server didn't fail to notice. Meanwhile, Freddy took Sally in his arms and dipped her low to the floor, bending her down for an old-timey, "World War II is over" style smooch.

"I think y'all have met before a time or two," said Heidi, who was even cuter in person than in her photos.

"Where did you pick up that idea?" quipped Freddy.

I'd greeted Heidi with a friendly hug, but my thoughts quickly ran beyond the bounds of friendliness. I thought of Freddy and Sheena's words about the couple's oral expertise.

I noticed when Sally and Greg greeted each other, they were a bit formal or timid—only shaking hands. I worried there was not much attraction between them.

We had a couple rounds of drinks, and soon enough, the talk turned sexy. Because we were in a public, "vanilla" venue—and because our server seemed determined to hover over our table—we had to restrain ourselves somewhat. But when Freddy launched into the lusty tale of the first time Heidi had wrapped her succulent lips around his rigid pole, he skipped the euphemisms.

"This little Heidi-ho can polish a knob like she's the sultan's concubine," he proclaimed at one point.

I figured the martinis and mojitos had all sufficiently done their job in lubricating our libidos. In fact, we may

have overdone it. I suggested we order some tapas to soak up some of the alcohol. Through it all, I noticed Sally was uncharacteristically quiet.

Before long, we decided to adjourn to Freddy and Sheena's suite. Hurrah!

Sally and I dropped by our own room first to get our swingers' bags, which were packed with lube, condoms, sexy gear and assorted love gadgets.

"You OK with this?" I asked when we were alone together.

"Sure."

"Don't you find them attractive?"

"Are you kidding, Mike? They're great."

I wasn't convinced. "Then what's the problem?"

"No problem. I just don't think Greg is all that into me."

"Are you into him?"

"He's as sexy as fuck," she said. "But what if he doesn't want to play with me?"

"Oh, honey," I said. "If that's the case, you'll play with me. And with Freddy and Sheena."

"I know," she said. "I guess I'm nervous is all."

"You are the sexiest person in the whole damn bunch," I said, taking her hand in mine. "I love you so much right now. But if you want to hold off tonight, I'll go tell them we'll meet up with everybody for breakfast tomorrow."

She squeezed my hand and said, "No, let's go for it."

There were two king-size beds in the large suite. As Sheena poured drinks for everyone—as if we needed more—Freddy pulled the covers back on one of the beds. Clothes were already being discarded, and soon the three gals were all down to bras, panties and other scrumptious underthings. Sheena wore a sexy bustier that made her big, worship-worthy breasts even more irresistible. Pert Heidi shone in a pale yellow chiffon negligee that accentuated her cute ass. Sally, who had changed in the bathroom, shyly emerged wearing one of her sexiest outfits—a black-lace number I had dubbed her "naughty nightie." We guys were slower to disrobe. I'd only removed my shoes and socks, while Freddy had taken off his pants and Greg had doffed

his Oxford button-down shirt, though he retained his undershirt.

Big, beautiful Sheena flopped onto her back on the stripped-down bed and sprawled there, shamelessly opening her legs to give us all a good look at her crotch. Her black panties were trimmed with red lace.

"Come play with me, girls," she invited.

Heidi leapt on the bed and began nuzzling Sheena's magnificent breasts.

"C'mon, sweet Sally," Sheena beckoned. "Join us."

Sally cautiously proceeded to the bed, where Heidi immediately began kissing her—feeding on her face as if she were a famished woman. Sally had fretted about whether or not Greg fancied her. Certainly, Heidi did! Sheena chuckled as her two galpals lay back and made

"She kissed and sucked my erection, while Freddy performed cunnilingus on her."

out. Her hands stroked their booties and boobs. She pulled down Sally's panties, exposing her neatly trimmed pussy.

"Got somethin' for ya, Heidi," Sheena said.

"Oh, fuck yes," our new friend replied.

Heidi's mouth connected with my wife's exposed snatch. She began eating her out with athletic fervor. Sally panted and uttered a sort of squealing noise I'd never heard her make in our eight years of marriage. Sheena hadn't been kidding when she'd claimed Heidi was an oral genius. Of course, she'd also said Greg was in the same gifted class. We would soon find out she was correct.

We men watched the sapphic festivities of our wives with growing lust. Big Freddy was down to his undershorts and was visibly aroused. His hand was massaging the bulge at his crotch. Greg was

removing his khakis. I picked up his cue and proceeded to unbuckle my belt.

Greg was soon fully nude, releasing a long, erect circumcised dick as if it were the mythical Kraken itself. He went over and sat on the foot of the bed where his Heidi was lapping at my Sally's cunt. He put his hand into Heidi's panties and began fingering her. Meanwhile, Sheena had positioned herself so she could suck Greg's dick. He grunted lustily as she went down on him and simultaneously taunted his nuts with her long, painted nails.

Before long, Sheena left her playmates and joined Freddy and me on the other bed. She kissed and sucked my erection, while Freddy performed cunnilingus on her. After a while, he and I shifted places. I always love teasing Sheena's aroused love button with my tongue and prompting her gasps and sighs.

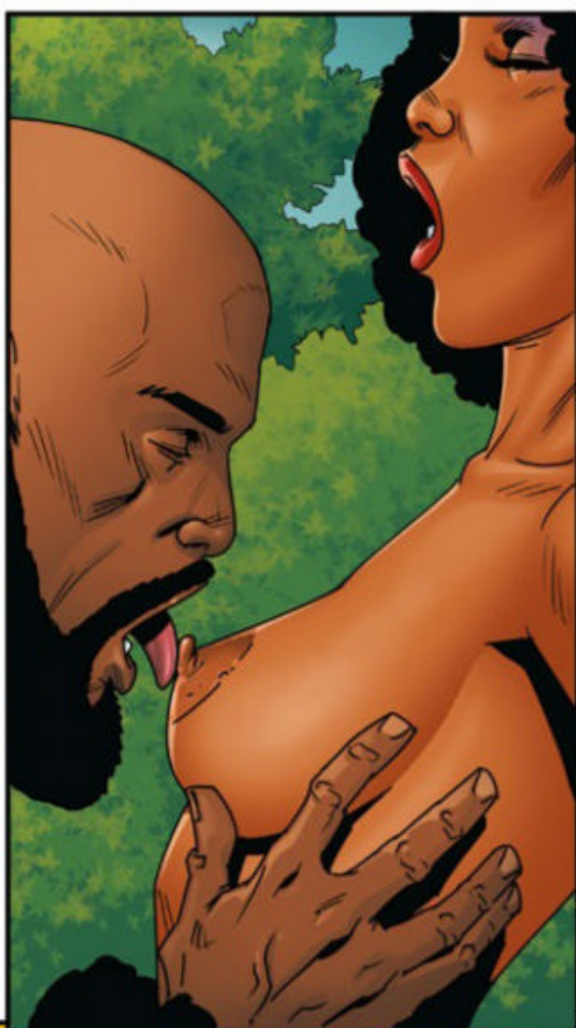
We three kept an eye on the other bed, where Sally and Heidi French-kissed while Greg's tongue lavished its attention on my wife's pussy and bum-hole. She writhed in ecstasy as he demonstrated the keen oral skills Sheena had praised. Soon he put on a condom and thrust his rigid rod into my girl's wet pussy. He plowed her vigorously in missionary position for several minutes before surrendering his load. So much for Sally's worries that she didn't turn him on!

I could write an epic novel about what happened the rest of that night. But I'll close by saying that I can enthusiastically attest to Heidi's skills as a fellatrix. Who knew such a petite young woman could deep-throat a stiff eight-incher like mine with such ease and finesse?

Our first six-some had proved a resounding success. And Heidi and Greg have recommended yet another couple for an upcoming rendezvous. Will eight be enough? Time will tell.

—M.P., Las Vegas, Nev.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen at anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've taken the leap, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS
SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

WASHOUT

Gracie and I had big plans for our staycation. We'd wanted to hit some local hiking trails, but the weather had other ideas. It had been pouring for days, and I wondered if the rain was ever going to stop—even though the local news had promised a sunny weekend. But fortunately, the forecast was correct. The clear blue sky and brilliant morning sun offered a promising beginning to our adventure.

I've never been much of an athlete. I'd rather spend my free time on the couch with a bag of chips, catching a game. That's why my friends always thought me and Gracie were an odd pair.

A beautiful brunette, Gracie is the same age as me, 28, but she's a fitness fanatic. I work behind a desk, while she's a Pilates and yoga instructor. I'm not overweight by any stretch, but I'm definitely not toned and taut like my girl. I'm also happy to stay away from the beach, while she's got an allover tan—being a fan of nude sunbathing.

The first time she asked me to go hiking, I agreed—although I was less than thrilled by the prospect. But we'd just started dating—and just started fucking—and a round in the sack with Gracie was worth any amount of stomping through the weeds. However, I quickly learned her version of hiking meant sucking me off in a remote part of the park until she swallowed my load. Then shortly afterward—when my cock was raring for round two—my little tree-hugger dropped her shorts and wrapped her arms around a nearby trunk while I plowed her from behind with my hard-on.

Yeah, I was suddenly digging this whole great outdoors thing.

When we arrived at the park that day, we didn't see a single soul around. No surprise. The recent storms had made for a rather squishy experience. Still, we decided to head deeper into the grounds ensure the utmost privacy. We took my car in as far as we could go and stopped at a scenic overlook. There was no guardrail there to obstruct the beautiful vista. The air was pleasantly warm, and the city down below appeared hazy, covered with a blanket of fog.

Gracie shimmied out of her shorts and T-shirt and sprinted out the door. Not caring a whit about the view, she perched herself on the trunk and spread her legs wide. I'd already had half a boner because I knew where our day was headed, but as soon as I saw her glistening snatch, my cock snapped to attention. I popped open my button fly and hauled out my hard-on. Gracie greedily reached for me and pulled me toward her for a sloppy kiss. As our tongues tangled, she took hold of my meat and brought it to her slit. Her cunt was oh-so-wet, and I sank into her like a hot knife through butter.

Gracie groaned into my mouth and humped against me, meeting me thrust for thrust as we screwed. Man, she was worked up. Usually, we'd start out with a lot of kissing or some oral action, but she was in no mood for foreplay. My ravenous girl was ready for the main course, and I did my best not to disappoint her, pummeling her hungry pussy relentlessly.

During our outdoor hookups, we typically try to keep things quiet to avoid detection. But Gracie was too turned on to care this time. She moaned and begged me to fuck her faster and harder. Her cunt was like a velvet vise, rhythmically squeezing my thrusting dick. I was trying to hold off as long as I could, but—hot damn, did she feel good.

Grace put her arms behind her, flattening her palms on the trunk for leverage as her hips danced in erotic desperation. Keeping my arms wrapped around her waist, I briefly leaned down and tongued the nipples on her bouncing B-cups. I felt her pussy's spasms come harder and faster. She shrieked climactically and wrapped her arms and legs around me as her cunt quivered around my cock.

The next few seconds seemed to stretch out in slow motion. I heard and felt a subtle rumble at the same time. I lurched backward and ran with Gracie in my arms as the ground below the car gave way. With our hearts pounding, we watched the mudslide steal my ride—with Gracie's clothes still inside it—making our vacation a complete wipeout.

I yanked off my T-shirt, which fit petite Gracie like a dress, and buttoned up my fly before I pulled my phone from my back pocket to call for help.

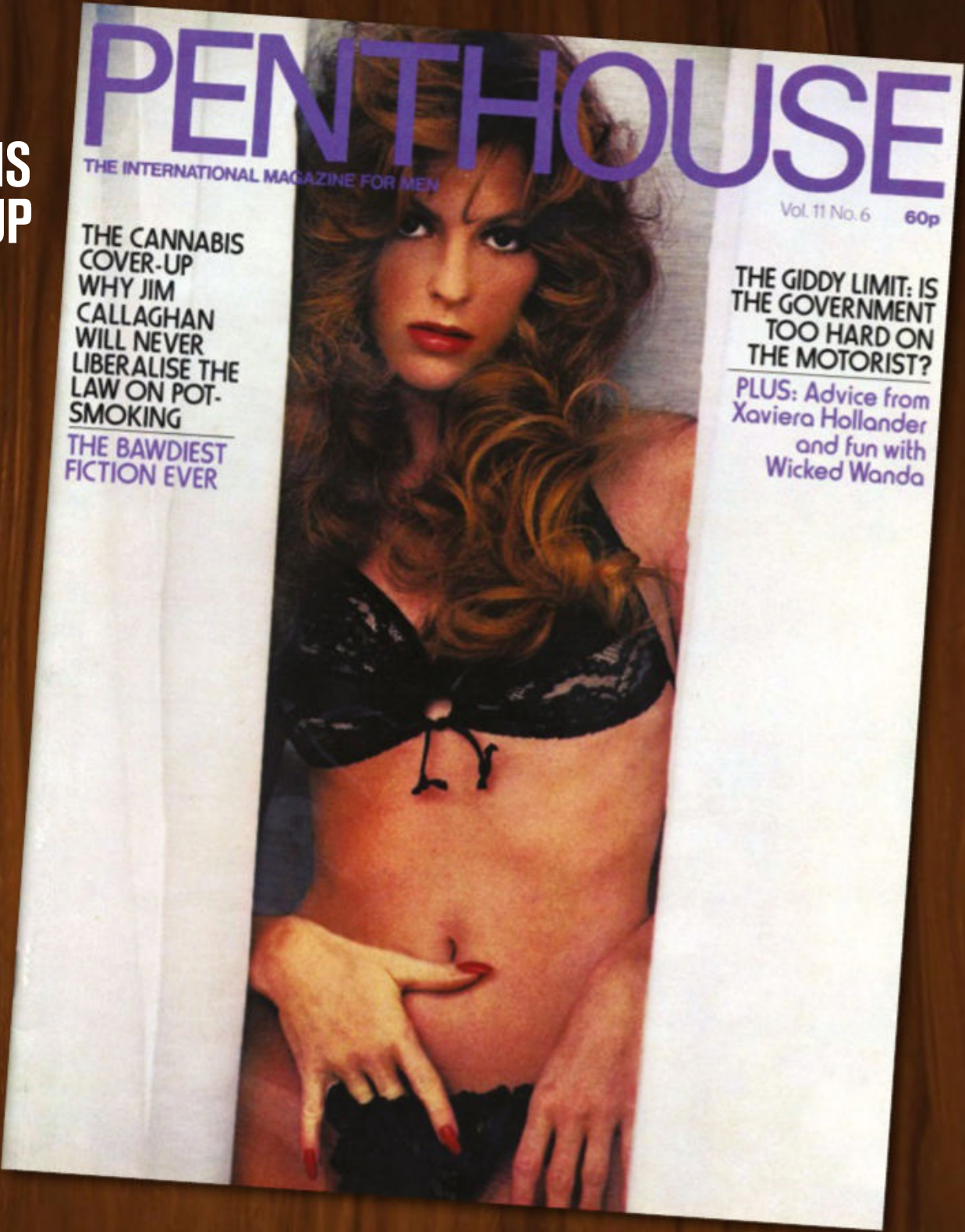
The earth may have moved for her—but I was the one with mud on my face.

—J.D., Los Angeles, Calif.

FLASHBACK

THE CANNABIS COVER-UP

1976, VOL. 11, NO. 6
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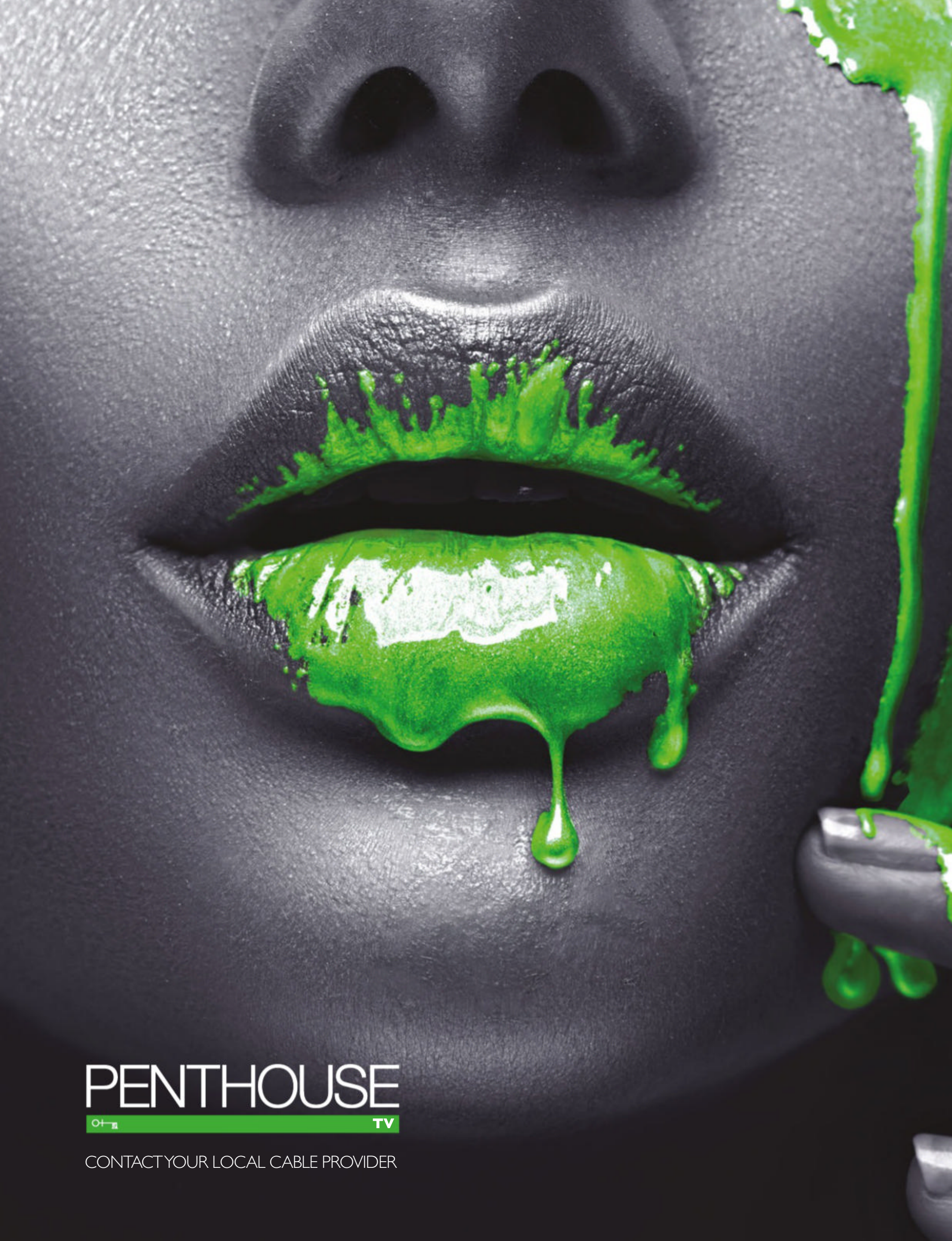


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PRINTED IN CANADA

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